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The Week

SECRETARY DANIELS'S statement at Annapolis that the navy has three times as many ships in commission to-day as it had six months ago receives indirect confirmation from the figures for naval personnel made public by Chairman Dent of the House Military Committee. The number of enlisted men and marines, excluding the Naval Reserve and minor units, is now nearly 172,000. This is larger by more than 20,000 than the personnel of the British navy at the outbreak of the war. At that time the British naval strength was composed of 478 fighting units. Last November our own navy comprised 160 units, or exactly one-third the British strength. To employ a personnel larger than that of England in 1914 would argue a fleet approximately as large as Great Britain's in 1914, which would mean a three-fold increase in the number of fighting units, or the number announced by Secretary Daniels. In actual fighting strength, giving proper relative weight to various units from Dreadnoughts to gunboats, we are, naturally, not so powerful as yet as England was in 1914, for our growth has obviously been in the smaller vessels, destroyers, submarines, auxiliaries, and gunboats.

A THREE-FOLD increase of ships in commission means that instead of less than 200 ships of all kinds the navy now comprises nearly 500 ships. Of the 300 ships added, all but a small number would be of the minor classes—destroyers, submarines, and converted craft. Deducting the submarines as unavailable for patrol duty, it is yet apparent that there has been a very impressive increase in the class of ships adapted for purposes of convoy. Our advent into the war has therefore exercised a very real effect on Allied naval plans. The adoption of the convoy system was in all likelihood made possible by our coöperation. It must be that the Allied naval offices have calculated the advantages and disadvantages of convoy. The disadvantage is that it presents a big target for massed attacks by the U-boats. The advantage is that such attacks cannot be delivered without bringing on something like a naval engagement, with the chances of serious loss for the U-boats.

ONE amendment added by the Senate to its Finance Committee's War Revenue bill is of really great importance, though it seems to have escaped notice in nearly all comments on the amended bill. It was forcibly argued, by people interested in charities maintained by private benevolence, that the placing of heavy supertaxes on the income of wealthy givers, regardless of how much of that income was devoted to charitable purposes, might have very serious results on the work of such organizations. A man with a yearly income of $151,000, for instance, may have been accustomed to give one-fourth of it to charity. But under the Senate bill the Government would now appropriate one-fourth in supertaxes. To meet all such cases, the Senate has added the following paragraph to the clause which specifies deductions to be allowed in computing an individual's taxable income:

> Contributions or gifts, actually made within the year to corporations or associations organized and operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, or educational purposes, or to societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals, no part of the net income of which inures to the benefit of any private stockholder or individual, to an amount not in excess of 15 per cent. of the taxpayers' taxable net income.

"THE present situation," remarked the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, in his speech to the House of Representatives on Friday, "emphasizes, more than any other period in the history of this Government, that all of the appropriations of the Government ought to be in the control of one committee." Recommendations for expenditure, Mr. Fitzgerald added, are now in the hands of eight or nine committees, and the result, he intimated, was to "put a burden upon the people because of lack of information." The people will not dispute this allegation. But waiving for the moment the arguments for a budget committee with concentrated powers, we suspect that the same people will ask, somewhat pathetically, for a statesman or a committee that can at the present moment set forth the estimates of public expenditure in such form that the general public may know what the actual figures are. The people, in other words, have grown impatient of being left in doubt as to whether the Government is to spend $10,000,000,000 or $20,000,000,000 on its war preparations during the pending fiscal year, and as to whether its borrowings between now and June 30 will be $4,000,000,000 or $11,538,000,000.

THEY are manifestly in that state of bewilderment to-day. Yet a little effort at elementary explanation might have removed it. Out of Mr. Fitzgerald's $20,651,000,000 recapitulation of expenditure ahead of us $9,164,000,000 is in appropriations and amendments not passed, but merely pending and $2,363,000,000 is for purposes not covered as yet even by proposed appropriations. Upwards of $1,200,000,000 is in grants to the Shipping Board, which could not possibly spend more than a fraction of that sum in a single year. The same may be said of not quite $1,000,000,000, set down for aviation service and new torpedo-boat destroyers. Exactly $3,000,000,000 is covered by loans to the Allies under the April vote; but loans made on the basis of exchange for the borrowers' similar obligations are not war expenditure. Here is at least some havoc made with the $20,000,000,000 total estimate of war costs for the year. As for the "$11,538,000,000 bond bill"—described in the Washington dispatches as "the largest measure of its kind in the world's history," and concerning which even Wall Street wonders how the market can stand such requisitions—that, too, is susceptible of a curious sea-change. The sum reported will be made up, first, of bonds issued to convert into 4 per cents the $3,000,000,000 3½s authorized last April, two-thirds of which have been already sold. Secondly, it will consist of $2,000,000,000 short-term debt certificates which will also be funded into the 4 per cent. long-

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term loan when issued. Thirdly, it will comprise $2,000,000,000 "war savings certificates" in small amounts, similarly fundable. A little work in subtraction will show that the remainder, comprising the whole authorization of absolutely new and permanent borrowing, is $4,538,000,000. But why could not all this have been plainly set forth to begin with?

EVERYBODY will hope that the "Liberty motor" will justify the high expectations that the War Department has of it. At the same time, it is only common prudence to reserve judgment upon it until its merits have been tried out further. The disposition to hail the great problems of the war as solved by the mere touch of American ingenuity has been one of the less inspiring features of our entrance into the struggle. But upon the coöperation between consulting engineers and rival motor-manufacturers in the production of an "all-American" engine, judgment need not be reserved—in either sense. It is just the kind of patriotic display that heightens one's pride in one's country and makes one feel that, despite the frequent revelations of regretted methods in business, at bottom we are sound. Secretary Baker's account of the achievement asserts that trade secrets were given to the Government, making available special processes of great commercial value. The speed with which the engine was developed, the exactness with which parts turned out at a dozen factories scattered from Connecticut to California were found to fit when brought together—these are qualities we like to think of as peculiarly American. They are not so absolutely ours as we unthinkingly boast, but it is gratifying to have this new proof of them. If the engine proves anything like the marvel it is declared to be, criticism of the Administration upon the score of tardiness in bringing our resources to bear upon the conflict will have to look for new lines of attack.

A PLEASING result of Secretary Lansing's disclosure of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain in German diplomacy is that it has given German-American newspapers a fine opportunity. They have seized it not only to express their loyalty to our Government, but to pour humorous scorn upon German diplomatic methods. The Argentine Foreign Minister, they have said, may be, as Count Luxburg declared in what he thought to be a safely coded telegram, "a notorious ass," but he cannot be such a monumental donkey as the German Chargé proved himself. And the *New Yorker Herold* returns to the attack in connection with the letter of the German Minister to Mexico asking for the bestowal upon a useful Swedish diplomatic spy of a ribbon to stick in his coat. This magnifying of a trifle, with its accompanying mystery and secrecy, had a fine comic-opera air, but it suggests to the *Herold* that "diplomats who make the world laugh" are a confessed failure. The affair had its serious side. The Swedish agent in Mexico, no longer in the service, was portrayed by the grateful German Minister as one who had given him important information "from a hostile camp." For such acts there are ugly words in international law. But it is the ridiculousness of the intrigue which most impressed observers, and our German-born citizens have been long enough in this country to see the joke, and to be aware how it makes of the German Foreign Office a laughing-stock. They, too, have a share in that "ancient humor" of the American which saves him whole.

OF the direct results of Kornilov's abortive demonstration against the Provisional Government, the proclamation of a Russian republic by Kerensky marks one phase, and the action of the Petrograd Council of Workers and Soldiers reveals another. To Kerensky, evidently, the lesson of this Kornilov episode is a more emphatic need than ever of national unity and coöperation. His proclamation recalls "the rapturous and unanimous approval of the republican idea expressed at the Moscow State Conference." This is painly an exhortation to all parties to lay aside their differences for the preservation of the one ideal, at least, upon which they all agree—a free, republican government. The extremists in Petrograd, on the other hand, have drawn the lesson that there can be no faith and no coöperation with the "bourgeois" parties, and that no time should be lost in putting through the Socialist ideal in its most radical form accompanied by the exclusion of non-Socialists from a share in the Government. But the Petrograd Council does not speak for the central committee of the Councils of all Russia, and that body has voted its confidence in Kerensky's programme of conciliation. At the same time, the newspaper organs of the Socialist Revolutionists, the party of the peasants and Kerensky, declare bluntly that the country is not ready for the Socialist economic régime and any premature move would be fatal. The signs are that commonsense will emerge once more from this latest crisis.

NOTHING more gratifying has come out of Berlin for some time past than the comment of the semi-official *Kölnische Zeitung*, to the effect that Count Luxburg should receive a dose of his own medicine and should be sunk without leaving a trace. But the difficulty is that the German Government did not promptly sink him on sight of his telegram. That it allowed any diplomat to remain an hour in its service who suggested so illegal, inhumane, and cowardly a course remains a lasting disgrace to it. No wonder the *Vorwärts* characterizes this as the worst of all the long list of German diplomatic blunders. Naturally, it is far worse than a blunder; it tarnishes the good name of the whole German people whose agent Luxburg was. Meanwhile progress is being made. The Swedish Minister to Great Britain has left London for some time; the permanent Secretary of Foreign Affairs is also on leave indefinitely; Sweden has now stopped the transmission of all dispatches on behalf of Germany, and promises that the practice will never be renewed, and strong protests have been made by it to Germany. If this was the only honorable course for Sweden, it none the less shows good faith. Suggestive, too, is the positive statement from the Argentine that that Government will have something more to say to Berlin following the dismissal of Luxburg.

EXCEPT for the strong personality of its chief, the new French Cabinet does not impress itself as a strong or lasting combination. Premier Painlevé himself has grown steadily from the first days of the war. As head of the Parliamentary Military Commission he rendered exceptional services in army reorganization and the mobilization of the nation's war resources. It is a tribute to his ability that even the disappointing results of last April's offensive, for which he would be technically responsible as Minister of War, have not only left his prestige unharmed, but even facilitated his promotion to the head of the Government.

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But aside from Painlevé and Ribot, there are no outstanding figures in the Cabinet, and Ribot is likely to prove a dangerous salient for the new Ministry. He will have against him the solid vote of the Unified Socialists. The hostility of the latter is apparently based on Ribot's emphasis of the nation's claim to Alsace-Lorraine as a subject which will not admit of debate. And while the Socialists as a body are by no means ready to surrender Alsace-Lorraine, they are of the opinion that Ribot's unequivocal stand has its unfortunate effects in Russia, where everything that savors of conquest in the plans of the Allies makes the position of the Provisional Government more difficult as against the Socialist extremists.

WHETHER the Governments of Germany and Austria are in firm and complete accord or not, the newspapers of the two countries certainly are not. Apparently, the Austrian press is allowed more freedom than the German. At any rate, it has more freely published the proceedings and speeches in the German Reichstag, and has been so outspoken on the subject of peace as to invite such bitter comments as those lately made by the Hamburg *Nachrichten*. The fact is obvious that German Socialists are more and more turning to Vienna newspapers to find a medium of expression. Thus it was recently in *Die Neue Zeit* of the Austrian capital that Herr Eduard Bernstein, leader of the Minority Socialists in the Reichstag, unbosomed himself on the question of the peace resolution and of the new Chancellor. His main complaint was that the Reichstag peace resolution itself was too halting, since it did not admit the right of small nations to determine their own destiny, and that the Chancellor proceeded to whittle away its meaning by talk of following his private "interpretation," and by dwelling upon the need of "security" and "guarantees." The net result was, according to Herr Bernstein, to turn what some hailed as a great triumph for the German democracy into "a crushing defeat."

LITTLE attention has been given in this country to a recent Government announcement in the House of Commons respecting political reforms in India. Mr. Montagu, the Secretary for India, made the statement, he said, at the request of the Government of India. In brief, the new policy is to be one of introducing native officials into "every branch of the Administration," and of developing as speedily as may be "self-governing institutions" with the ultimate purpose of setting up a "responsible Government"—that is, one responsible to the representatives of the Indian people—in India. One conciliatory step already taken is the removal of the ban upon commissions for natives in the army of India. Nine Indian officers have been admitted to the commissioned rank, and more will be. The Secretary for India also stated that he was soon to depart for India, in order to confer on the spot with the Viceroy and the Government about the measures which are to be taken progressively. Thus it would appear that the English talent for colonial government has not been wholly eclipsed by the war.

BOTH parties are to be congratulated upon the ratification by the University of Minnesota of the agreement by which the Mayo Foundation at Rochester becomes the absolute property of the University. Minnesota is identified with the remarkable career of the brothers in a way to make the location of the permanent memorial of their work anywhere else altogether inappropriate. The State may well be proud of their persistent refusal to bestow upon any other place, as New York, the prestige that they won by the sheer force of native ability and hard work. Their story is one of the most stirring in the annals of medicine, and it is highly gratifying that it is to be continued, so far as that is within their power, indefinitely. The tendency for successful men and women to gravitate to the larger centres is so general that we have come to regard such removal as inevitable. The Mayos gave the country the rare spectacle of people from New York and San Francisco taking the train for Rochester, Minn., not to view the scenery, but to consult a specialist.

CONNECTION between the war and a revision of the Anglican Prayer Book might seem remote. It exists, however, as was lately brought out in Convocation. Discussion arose over the proposed omission of the Imprecatory Psalms from the passages "suitable for recitation in public worship." The vote to omit them was carried by the narrow majority of 26 to 23, but not until after several clergymen had protested that the maledictory passages gave comfort to many minds as they thought of German atrocities. One ingenious archdeacon argued that the chanting of the Gloria after even the most terrible calling down of evil upon the heads of enemies gave it "a Christian sense." This recalls the old story of Dr. Channing and the lady who went to him in distress over the verse: "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Could such a sentiment have been inspired by God? But the good doctor read the words with so benevolent and appealing an emphasis upon the word "happy" that it made the sentence sound almost like one of the Beatitudes, and the troubled lady went away strengthened in her faith.

A War Congress

IF the House realizes its ambition to clear its docket and adjourn by the end of the month, a purpose in which the Administration is reported heartily to concur, it will leave behind it a record of achievement for which it will be difficult to find a parallel in any other session of our Congressional history. To speak of it as an epoch-making session is commonplace. Just one of its acts, the declaration of war against Germany, would make it that. What the record shows, however, is a mass of legislation, springing out of that momentous first step, which for bulk and comprehensiveness, for the great issues involved and the enormous figures dealt with, for its drastic innovations and its effects on the multifarious phases of the national life, stands without a rival. The historian of the war Congress of 1917 will examine that record in a more dispassionate spirit than those who have watched the grinding of the legislative machinery from day to day in the face of a tremendous emergency. Free from such daily agitations and panics, surer of his perspective, and much more qualified to test the expenditure of energy by results, this future chronicler of Congressional activity will render a fairer verdict than one would have thought likely a few weeks ago. We say a few weeks ago, because already there are signs that public opinion is revising its attitude towards

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what the most impatient ones were used to describe as a "misrepresentative" Congress.

A summary, not altogether complete, of the legislation enacted in the seven months that will have elapsed before adjournment of the House, bears directly on the charge that Congress paltered and delayed while the nation's need cried out for action. On April 2 the President read his war message to Congress, and on April 6 the joint resolution had been passed by both houses. On April 5 the War Department's Selective Draft bill was introduced in both houses; it became law on May 18. Nearly a month before that, on April 24, the first bond bill, embodying the provisions for the first Liberty Loan, became law. On May 12 the President signed the Army Appropriation bill. On May 15 the bill for increasing the naval and marine forces went to the President. By June 13 Congress had passed the War Budget bill. Two days later it passed the Espionage bill. Among other measures that have become law or will become law before adjournment are the Embargo bill, the Priority Shipping bill, food legislation, shipping legislation, the new "eleven-billion-dollar" bond bill, the War Revenue bill, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Insurance bill. It is true that in war time we cannot apply the speed standards of normal times. In peace every one of these measures might have furnished sufficient fuel for an entire session. We had a right to expect much greater expedition in time of emergency. Nevertheless, there is a middle point between legislative delay and the rushing through of vital measures without examination and without debate, even in time of war.

The three measures on which Congress spent much more time than an impatient country thought necessary are the War Revenue bill, the Espionage bill, and food legislation. In dealing with revenue Congress will have given something like six months to legislation which in the British House of Commons was enacted in a little more than half the time. Responsibility for this is not entirely with Congress, however. Partly the delay was owing to the preliminary work in the Treasury Department, though there in turn we must take into account the ever-shifting estimates made necessary by the expansion of our war programme. We have been legislating for revenue for the first year of a war while England has had the experience of three years to go by. The long fight over the Espionage bill does not count against Congress at all, but against the Administration, with its unwise insistence upon a censorship in which Congress had the country behind it. It was the foolish and tedious guerrilla warfare against the President's food conservation measures that counted most heavily in the public mind, and will so count in the impartial historian's review. In its attempt to make the Food bill an omnibus for all sorts of extraneous measures, and especially in the injection of the prohibition issue, which it was apparent from the first was bound to fail, Congress was guilty of obstruction. To be sure, there is the argument that little harm was done, inasmuch as Mr. Hoover went serenely about his business while Congress pinned riders to the Food bill and took them off again. That, however, is a plea in extenuation and not a defence.

It is not necessary to insist that the proceedings of the last six and a half months in Congress have been characterized by the highest wisdom and the deepest conscientiousness in order to refute the counter-impression of a sluggish and unpatriotic Congress which had to be shamed or prodded towards its duty. The simple fact is that whatever the country has thought necessary for the prosecution of the war it has obtained from Congress. Whatever Mr. Wilson asked for—with the exception of the Censor—he got, with some delay perhaps, but without detriment to the country's mustering for the war. The angry ones who not long ago were accusing Congress of refusing to back up our men now training for the trenches in France may be asked to specify in what respect the country has suffered. We have created an immense army, we have brought the navy to a strength in personnel exceeding that of Great Britain at the beginning of the war, we have given all the money demanded for men, guns, ships, aeroplanes, and economic mobilization. It used to be a favorite taunt against the voluble Congressmen that Germany was deriving aid and comfort from their activities. Germany's present state of mind with regard to our war efforts supplies a sufficient answer.

Insurance Instead of Pensions

THE root idea of the bill for insuring soldiers and sailors, which the House passed unanimously last Thursday, is that it sets up a new and better system in place of pensions. This alone is a great recommendation of the measure. No one needs to exaggerate the mischiefs and scandals of pension legislation in the United States, during the past thirty years, in order to make out a good case for the proposed change in method. If a carefully drawn and properly guarded insurance law can be enacted, it will be universally agreed that it will be a vast improvement. This is the point of view taken by the insurance companies, which have freely put their skilled advice at the disposal of the Administration in framing the bill. The general opinion is expressed by the insurance journal, the *Spectator*, when it says:

> In any event, the insurance plan as a whole prevents the abuses incident to the antiquated pension system, which has cost the country several billions of dollars, and it is confidently believed that it will prove beneficial to all entitled to share in its provisions, and productive of much saving in the long run to the Government, and, therefore, to the country at large.

This is not to say that insurance officials are in all respects satisfied with the bill as reported to the House. Several prominent officers of insurance companies—presidents and actuaries—served as an insurance committee on war-risk insurance. They gave much time and expert assistance to the Government when the Insurance bill was being drafted, and with its general aim and scope expressed their agreement. But in regard to certain details they have brought forward searching criticisms. These relate largely to technical matters. Yet it will not do to dismiss them as of slight importance. The technique of such a bill is of its very essence. If its basis and estimates are demonstrably wrong, the working of the whole plan might prove disappointing and even disastrous. And in such an affair, intelligent administration is vital. Yet, as the insurance committee points out, "this enormous system for compensation springs into existence immediately." No time is given for "a gradual building up of organization." If the scheme goes through, there will soon be insurance of $5,000,000,000 in force—an amount, as the committee remarks, "about equivalent to the total insurance in force in the three largest companies in the world." And the machinery for it all will have virtually to be improvised!

It should not be supposed that this and the other points

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made by the insurance committee are intended as opposition to the whole bill. Some of the provisions criticised are minor; they could be changed without impairing the purpose and effect of the entire measure. Certain of the objections raised are of a technical sort upon which it would be foolish for one not skilled in the niceties of insurance to pronounce. The obvious and avowed intent of the expert critics is not to argue against the Insurance law as a whole, but to insist that its drafting be scrutinized in every clause, its ambiguities cleared up, and its dubious or mistaken provisions stricken out. This at once raises the question whether it may not be wiser to let the measure go over till December. It is understood that influential Senators are to ask the President to agree to this. The interval could be used to do the work of safeguarding and improving the bill in every way possible. Delay for a couple of months could do no great harm. The army and navy are almost without casualties as yet; and it does not now seem probable that there will be many this year. Besides, the bill itself appears to allow ample time in which claims may be filed by a soldier or sailor or his dependents. Moreover, the Senate would doubtless have full committee hearings and a prolonged debate, even if the insurance measure were marked for passage before adjournment. It may fairly be asked whether the further examination of the bill and the sifting of its provisions, which so many experts believe to be necessary, could not better be done in a Congressional recess than if the matter were to be hurried forward.

No one wishes the Government to be niggardly in providing insurance for the men of the army and navy. What is proposed is substantially the adoption for the military service of the principle of the workmen's compensation laws. To this there is no real public objection. If the cost promises to be enormous, that will not deter a generous nation still ready, with Lincoln, "to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan." But generosity does not necessarily mean carelessness, or lack of forethought, or refusal to take counsel with those best qualified to give it. And so long as competent and disinterested men are confident that the Insurance bill can be revised to great advantage, time should be taken to do it.

Democracy Not Easy

MANY have been asking the past few days what the "lessons" are which are taught by the troubles of Russia. If those are foolish who expect a definite answer to such a question, they are still more foolish who produce a neat and nicely ticketed reply. In the maze of the immensely complicated problem of Russia's political evolution, everybody who is wise, or even moderately cautious, will seek to feel his way step by step. It surely is no time for cocksure pronouncements. They, in fact, simply eat each other up. "Always distrust," says a sagacious observer, "the man who offers you a skeleton key warranted to fit every political lock." We do well to fear too glib interpreters of Russian developments, even when bearing such a key. Yet we believe that one moderate inference may safely be drawn from the Russian imbroglio. It is that there is nothing magical about democratic institutions. They do not make it possible for nations to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. They do not work automatically. The necessity of constant and arduous labor is not removed by them. In a word, Russia teaches us, using the inevitable didactic phrase, that democracy is not the short and easy way to the conquering of all political difficulties.

That this has been found true in Russia, few will unqualifiedly deny; but some may doubt that it applies to nations longer tried in the democratic faith, the United States, for instance. In Russia, it will now be generally admitted, the violent break with an immemorial past, the sudden change in the habits not only of public life but of private thinking of millions of people, could not fail to result in vast confusion and such waverings of policy as we have seen. No, Russia has not discovered that democracy is the easiest way. But has any country? Are we justified in letting our inherited and convinced passion for democratic government insensibly persuade us to the belief that it is the smoothest working form? It would seem not.

The truth is, that if what a nation wants is a governmental machine rapid, silent, frictionless, it will not go to the democratic builders. In a very true sense, autocracy is the "easier" way to rule. It is true in the sense of Cavour's saying: "Anybody can govern under martial law." By it you have swift and resolute decisions, with no questions asked or even allowed. What can be easier than to imprison or cut off the head of every man who gets in the way of an autocratic military rule? It is an abhorrent system, and the end thereof is death. But while it is able to keep itself alive, it functions with much more speed and lack of noise than does democracy.

To sound democrats this is neither discouraging nor destructive of their strong preference for the slower and more creaking operation of democratic institutions. Ease is not the prime requisite of government. To tell freemen that they do not need to take any trouble, politically, is really to alarm them, if they are intelligent as well as free. They know that there is a great amount of rough and unpleasant work to be done in a democratic country. Not for nothing is the democrat sometimes pictured as a man with his sleeves rolled up. He must be ready to pitch in. He has to fight for this cause and attack that movement; to guard here against a danger and there to welcome assistance; to be prepared to talk and argue and attend meetings and sign petitions and vote, year in and year out. He would gladly do this rather than have some autocrat take charge of everything, but he does not, if he is honest, pretend that the ways of democracy are not full of trouble and painstaking for those who follow them. Democracy may be commended to a nation wonted to an autocratic régime, and may be so for a thousand reasons; but among those reasons it cannot be stated that democrats have a care-free time in managing their affairs.

Democracy is noisy, whereas autocracy may go stealthily. Autocratic governments do their work behind closed doors and barred windows; democratic officials have to come out into the open and be clapped on the back by their fellow-citizens. Coriolanus felt his gorge rising at this kind of thing, but Coriolanus was not a good democrat. And we must consider, also, the immense effort required to obtain political reforms in a democratic country; the outcry, the agitation, the repeated failures before the desired haven is reached. And when it is reached, what then? Only new proposals, fresh excitements, added appeals to the people. This makes it seem almost as if the struggle naught availeth, and as if the objects long fought for were forgotten as soon as attained. Gladstone, in his old age, reminded the

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younger politicians about him that political ideals are *never* fully realized. We get them merely in parts and approximations; and then are instantly off in pursuit of some other. But does the true democrat mind this? Not if he remembers that energy is better than stagnation, and that the best thing for any citizenship is a contented spirit—contented with useful political labor, and with the feeling that even an imperfect self-government is better than a seemingly more efficient one imposed from above or without. Let us make no pretence, to Russians or to ourselves, that democracy is the easy way. It is the *hard* way, comparatively speaking; but it is the hardness that evokes the exertion of the sinewy mind of freedom and makes those who know what liberty means rejoice as a strong man to run a race.

A German on German Iniquities

FOR rather more than three years the world has waited to hear the truth about Germany from German lips. It seemed almost impossible that there should not be one man with the courage to bear witness against unexampled brutality, ruthlessness, and duplicity. Such a man, apt for the salvation of the Fatherland with truth-telling, has at last been found in Dr. Harry Stuermer, former correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Invalided from the army, after fighting in the Masurian Lake region, he was sent by his newspaper, in 1915, to Turkey, where he beheld the depths to which Turkish bestiality could descend, and took the measure of German cowardice and cynicism, which could aid and abet the Armenian massacres. Deeply moved to indignation, he sent reports of what he had seen back to Cologne, reports which the Censor suppressed, and for which he was dismissed by his employers. When he still persisted in outspoken condemnation of the Government, he was recalled to the colors, although declared absolutely unfit for service. How he finally managed to get to Switzerland is not known. But now, at the sacrifice of his whole future, without hope of reward in any direction, he publishes his book, "Two War Years in Constantinople," an indictment of Germany as terrible and damning as any brought against her by her enemies.

He begins his testimony with his service in the Masurian campaign, when he met many officers who had come from Belgium and who frankly told the same stories of German terrorism as those which appeared in the Bryce report. Stuermer's immediate superior was most prolific in this type of reminiscences:

> When we wanted to make a requisition or plunder a house, we had a very simple form of procedure: one of my men was ordered to slip a Belgian gun through a cellar window into the house in question. Then we made a search for hidden weapons; if we found only one rifle, we were ordered to confiscate everything, without pity, and bring away the people.

One of the best-known German correspondents, Paul Schweder, who, says Stuermer, cynically tells the truth in private, but publishes what the Government prescribes, told him that when he was in Belgium he saw much worse things than this. He assured Stuermer that "there had been thousands of cases of women and young girls of the best Belgian and French families" assaulted by German soldiers, who remained unpunished in most instances.

Stuermer proceeds to tell of the things he himself saw in Constantinople, with his own eyes, as well as what he was told by German eye-witnesses. He beheld the commencement, in Constantinople, of that terrible *via crucis* upon which thousands of refined Armenian men, women, and children were forced to set out, and which, if fate was kind, ended in death out on the desolate plains of Asia Minor or the parched shores of the Euphrates. For months he was daily witness of troops of Armenians driven through the streets of Pera for deportation to the railway station. Each city quarter had to deliver its quota of victims. The men and boys went on foot, the women crowded in street cars, every evening, down to Galata. His wife, passing the police station, on the main street of the European quarter, one day, heard the groans of an Armenian who, as the policeman informed her, was being tortured. Stuermer himself did not witness what happened to these unfortunates on their way to destruction in the interior; nor did he personally see what was done in Anatolia and Armenia proper to the Armenian peasants. But he was told by individual Germans, men of humane instincts, who had been horrified bystanders, that nothing written about the Armenian massacres can possibly have been exaggerated. It does not need the corroboration of his fellow-countrymen, the German missionaries on the spot, who have been equally outspoken on this subject, to induce belief in Stuermer's honesty. His graphic and passionate account of what he saw and heard of itself compels belief.

Having established Turkish "boundless" guilt in this Armenian slaughter, the "most terrible massacre since Nero's day," he proceeds to accuse Germany as the Pilate of a whole race. "Consciencelessness, cowardice, cynical levity," are some of the terms with which he brands his own official countrymen who deliberately washed their hands of the blood of almost a million human beings. "How do I come to make such a terrible charge?" he asks. "Because of the fact that—when the Armenian Patriarch used to come to our Ambassador with tears in his eyes, begging for help—and I witnessed this scene more than once at our Embassy—no interest was shown for anything but German prestige, wounded vanity, but never any compassion for the fate of the Armenian people." The Germans, he says, had Turkey absolutely in hand, and could have put an end to the massacres at once, had they earnestly desired. So much for his indictment of official and diplomatic Germany. He also makes a much more fearful accusation against individual officers, who were more fiendish than the Turks themselves and assisted in the deportations at certain places in Asia Minor. Unbelievable as it may seem, German officers were found who, when the Ottoman authorities had not the heart to fire on women and children taking refuge within doors, turned their guns on the buildings and engaged in "cynical artillery practice." Stuermer knows that the German Embassy had received complaints about a case of this kind, which were forwarded to Berlin without result.

This book by Dr. Stuermer, a native German, of unquestioned patriotism, who served faithfully at the front till his health was shattered, a man of well-known honesty, courage, and uprightness, is bound to make a deep impression outside of Germany as well as within her boundaries. For such a publication cannot be excluded by any amount of vigilance. It will cross the border in the heads and hearts of travellers returning from Switzerland, if in no other way. Meanwhile, Dr. Stuermer himself must be regarded as an ornament to the profession of journalism—a newspaper man with the courage for truth.

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China's Predicament

CHINA'S political organization is again going through an ordeal of factional turmoil. Irreconcilable divisions between militarist and constitutionalist leaders, between soldiers and politicians, between, roughly, the old order of the north and the newer mind of south and central China, have for the past two months threatened the stability of the Republic. It is but another outbreak of an old feud. Yuan Shi-Kai's power, the rallying point of the autocrats, was broken last year; and on his death, following his forced abdication, the liberals came in. During Li Yuan-Hung's Presidency, the followers of his predecessor steadily prepared for another decisive challenge. That challenge came with the crisis of this summer, and the first round, at any rate, is all in favor of the reactionaries.

At present writing, the material results of the northern victory are as follows: a liberal President temporarily, if not permanently, forced from office; a liberal Parliament dismissed (though fresh elections are promised early this autumn); a strongly autocratic Cabinet in power, headed by Yuan's able lieutenant and Minister of War, Tuan Chi-Jui; and the succession to the office of the Presidency of the veteran militarist and anti-Parliamentarian Vice-President, General Feng Kuo-Chang.

The reaction is pronounced, but to friends of China it is by no means altogether disheartening. The northern leaders protested at the beginning that they were not monarchists, and that no advocates of Manchu restoration need feel any flutters of hope at their prospective success. They made good their promise. Chang Hsun's attempt to restore the pathetic little Manchu Emperor lasted a week. Had it not been for the extraordinary amount of publicity vouchsafed it by certain volatile press correspondents in Peking, the Western world would scarcely have heard of it. As it was, Chang Hsun was deserted by every military leader in China, conservative as well as liberal. When it came to preserving the republic, the northerners, whatever the strategic reasons behind their volte-face, promptly and decisively made common cause with the south.

Between these factions there is still a natural and intransigeant enmity, however, and friends of China must make up their minds that a steady, smouldering distrust between them, rising to outbreaks of anti-constitutional violence like this summer's, will continue for the better part of another generation. This is no proof that liberal government in China has been, or is likely to be, a failure. It may yet be so, but up to the present the republican idea has weathered almost six years of domestic discord and of oppressive foreign exactions. And we must be prepared to admit that these years of searching and toughening experience have evolved a class of leaders far more able to guide and to speak for the nation than the pioneers and visionaries of the 1911 revolution.

Since 1911, for instance, China has developed the huge educative organization of a daily press. She has freed herself from the incalculable deadweight of opium. In the political sphere, in every province she has trained local assemblies; and she has drawn off the best of their members into two sessions of a national Parliament, the latter of which, convened last November, has met almost continuously down to the present crisis. This so-called Second Parliament has, it is true, shown painful and obvious shortcomings; but any one who knew China in 1913 must at least admit that this Parliament has been much better than its predecessor of that year.

China had planned, and had almost ready for promulgation this summer, the fundamental law of her new Constitution, a document in whose framing the American adviser, Dr. Willoughby, had a liberal share. In the world of finance, for three successive years she has paid off every foreign obligation out of her own resources, her first demonstration of real solvency since the era of foreign intervention. She has had almost five years of tussle with the banking monopoly of the world's Powers, and for all her alleged instability the discount on her national bonds has been hardly ever greater than that of Japan's and has usually been less. Twice she has decisively overcome an attempt of her own conservatives to restore a monarchy, once when it involved the downfall of her greatest statesman, the supposedly impregnable Yuan Shi-Kai. This is the record of the Chinese Republic, which Americans who wish to ignore none of the realities must keep in mind while they try to get the measure of the present crisis.

The recent rebellion, as I have said, grew out of bitter ill-feeling between the old officials and soldiers of the north and the liberal politicians and reformers of mid-China and the south. Between these two parties, but inclining rather to the liberals than to the northerners, stood the President, Li Yuan-Hung. The pretext for the rupture was China's long delay in following up her break with Germany, on March 14 last, with its natural consequence, participation in the war on the side of the Allies. The origin of the dispute dates back to before the severance of relations with Germany. Tuan Chi-Jui, Prime Minister and leader of the militarist faction of the north (though his Cabinet was substantially liberal), favored an abrupt breaking off with Germany, unconditionally, under the tutelage of Japan. The President favored action only after the note to Germany had been submitted to Parliament. Tuan prepared a note to the Chinese Minister in Tokio, announcing China's adherence to the Allies through Japanese diplomatic channels. The President vetoed this procedure; and Tuan was forced, after two days of rustication at Tien-tsin, to return to Peking and appear before Parliament.

But liberal China was not then, and has not been since, hedging over the rupture with Germany. Parliament, containing a decisive majority of southern sentiment, approved the measure which made war with Germany inevitable by a vote of over five to one. But the additional note showing China's confidence in the Allies' cause was sent, not to Japan, but to America, as it should have been. For it was America whose invitation of February 4 drew China into the war; and it was the American Minister, Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, whose active diplomacy did the most to smooth the path for China's entrance.

Tuan Chi-Jui appealed from this decision, and he appealed, not to the country at large, but to the standing armies of the north. Week by week from March 14 onward he manœuvred to use the question of the war so as to place himself securely in power. The only real issue between himself and the President on the war was who should lead

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the country. Undoubtedly, the President was over-cautious, and the unwieldy, democratic forces of Young China were garrulous and provocative; but those are faults native to republican government the world over. And as the Premier let it be understood little by little that he should utilize the declaration of war to establish martial law in China, to hamstring the Parliament, and to place "men of action," *i. e.*, reactionaries, everywhere in power, liberal China began to demand in its turn that China should only go to war under a Premier representative of liberal institutions.

In the midst of this already heavily charged atmosphere there appeared a still more ominous issue—was Tuan Chi-Jui playing the game of Japan? His flirtation with Tokio just before the rupture with Germany had always rankled with the great number of patriotic Chinese who still fear and detest Japan because of the well-known ultimatum of 1915. Now, Tuan's chief lieutenant, Tsao Ju-Lin, the man whom the new Provisional Government at first made Minister of Foreign Affairs, was then director of the Bank of Communications, one of China's two Government banks. Tsao borrowed money from Japan; and he borrowed it in such large sums as to ruffle the sensibilities of patriots, in Parliament and out. They made an issue of it; and Eugene Ch'en, editor of the Peking *Gazette*, a bi-lingual journal in English and Chinese which is by far the most influential newspaper in China, wrote a leading article about Tuan and Tsao headed "Selling out China." Tuan arrested him and put him in jail. This was a clear challenge to the President's authority. Li Yuan-Hung acted just as promptly. He dismissed Tuan Chi-Jui from office.

Then the reactionaries showed their hand. In a spirit of compromise in whose restraint liberal China was seen at her best, Li Yuan-Hung appointed as Tuan's successor Li Ching-Hsi, a conservative, a nephew of the great Li Hung-Chang; and Parliament ratified the nomination by a large majority. The soldiers and reactionaries replied by moving their armies towards Peking, and by ordering Li Ching-Hsi not to take the post. He refused it. Conciliation was at an end.

The rest came quickly. Armies thrown around Peking like a screen shut off the President and the Parliament from the liberal south. Hsu Shih-Chang, an ex-Viceroy and Prime Minister under Yuan, was declared Dictator, and a Provisional Government organized in which Tuan Chi-Kwei, the brother of Tuan Chi-Jui, as Minister of War and Tsao Ju-Lin as Minister of Foreign Affairs were the most significant figures. Proclamations were issued insisting on an early and unconditional declaration of war, on the dismissal of Parliament, and on the return of the liberal Constitution to the melting-pot and the substitution of a "workable" framework of government.

The American note of June 7, coming in the midst of active military preparations throughout the south to resist these demands, did much to stabilize the situation, and forced especially on the attention of both parties the hard and certain fate of the nation unless some compromise were reached removing the possibility of long-continued disorder That compromise was reached on June 24, when the southerners, led by the able general, Lu Yung-Ting, leader of last year's successful constitutionalist movement, known as the Yunnan rebellion, definitely called off their mobilization in view of the conciliatory attitude of the north. They lost the present Parliament, but they won the promise of the reëlection of a fresh one; and they decided to gain what advantage the new situation might offer for a fresh deal in the division of ministerial posts and the adjustment of national prestige.

The forced retirement from power of the liberal President, Li Yuan-Hung, and the supplanting of him by the reactionary Vice-President, Feng Kuo-Chang, may yet cause them to reconsider this compromise. Li Yuan-Hung lost prestige, however, which he can never recover by allowing himself to be dictated to by the northerners, against the urgent and repeated advice of Dr. Morrison, his British adviser, in the matter of the dissolution of Parliament. His unexpected resignation, almost amounting to desertion, makes it unusually difficult for the liberal parties for the near future, for, although Li was never a strong man, his conciliatory qualities and his admirable integrity and good will gave him an excellent strategic position as a leader of Chinese liberalism.

It is evident that the mainspring of the trouble has been irresponsible militarism, which by a queer twist of fate has been the most abiding weakness in supposedly pacifist China. If China had had a real national army, responsive to the constitutional demands of the central Government, the rebellion would never have occurred. She has no such thing; though what she has costs her over $80,000,000 gold a year (for less than half a million men), a higher cost per soldier than even Japan or Germany pays. What she has is an assemblage of separate armies, responsible on almost a feudal basis to their individual commanders, and devoted to whatsoever demonstrations of deviltry or virtue their leaders see fit to undertake. Almost unanimously, the military clan which controls these armies follows the older order. It has no foreign policy, no natural sympathies with the liberal Allies. The names of the foreign military advisers in Peking who in days past made the most headway with it are, significantly, Major von Dünkelmann and Colonel Banzai, the latter now supplanted and reinforced by the formidable General Sakai. German and Japanese military autocracy are their favored prescriptions for ruling China. The outcome of such methods is apparent.

China has a weakness for revolutions; this is the fourth in five years. But she has likewise an extraordinary talent for conciliation; the republic still stands as a nucleus round which the forward movement has rallied, and may still rally again. Dr. Willoughby, her American adviser, who was interviewed in Tokio, was indiscreet enough to predict the downfall of the republic and to publish throughout the press of the world his fears of secession, monarchy, and "turmoil of long duration." He faithfully follows Dr. Goodnow's footsteps, whose advice to Yuan to abandon the republic and set up a throne not merely laid Yuan Shi-Kai and all his usefulness low, but brought American scholastic liberalism into undeservedly bad repute in China. Dr. Willoughby's fears of calamity are so naïve; it is just such fears, widely and gratuitously spread, that make for calamity in China. The American Government has taken a much more far-seeing stand, and by reminding the world of our "friendly interest in China's form of government and in the personnel which administers it," and vigorously disavowing any connection whatever with the rebels, has made good our professed interest in China's welfare in a wholesomely useful and practical spirit. We have also reassured China that her entrance into the war was of far less interest to us than her political entity and her peaceful progress along the road of orderly development.

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Such friendly and unexpected words—they were the first that China had since her present tribulations began—are in the best tradition of American diplomacy, and are in sharp and satisfying contrast to the criers of calamity and the evil friends of liberalism who have often heretofore represented our people, officially and unofficially, in the Far East. Though she still may have weeks of trouble and bitterness ahead of her, though already the south may again be on the march in the field and planning secession at home, China in the past has shown a spirit greater than her extremities. And with America watchfully on guard, even in her calamities China has a friend.

GARDNER L. HARDING

The Career of Porel, Actor-Manager

RUSKIN, coming from "Frou-Frou" acted by a French company, acknowledged that he had been too much wrought up by it—"it is not acting, it is life!" Too often, French acting of French plays has been taken as a faithful reflection of French life. While only a *spectaculum* artfully combined to help the nations pass their time of life, it is taken as a true *speculum vitæ* or life mirror in the sense of the Roman poet's explanation of the mirrors of polished metal in which ladies of his day looked to see how others saw them—

Ista repercussæ, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est.

The career of Porel, who has just died after fifty-five years as actor and manager on the French stage, shows how life and the theatre keep company in France. It is oftenest in lines parallel indeed, but never meeting. If it were otherwise, Aristotle's particular work of tragedy would not be left for the theatre—for life would purge its own passions. It is much the same with French novels, and must be so among other peoples. A forgotten, instructively comic, English story of a century ago, entitled "The Heroine," had for its subject a romance-mad maiden who lands up in the police court—for swearing. She assures the Philistine magistrate: "By Saint Catherine, my only oath is Maria purissima!" and he promptly sends her to quad. Like that female Don Quixote, too many still look to the stage or their novel for a mirror of life.

The present interest of all this is that we should like to foreknow, from the past, what the French theatre is likely to be—after the war.

In 1862, in full Second Empire, when women wore bonnets tied under the chin and shawls pointed evenly down the back and crinoline swelling out long skirts with which they walked, swaying rhythmically, Porel carried off the second prize of comedy at the Paris Conservatoire. Sarah Bernhardt was perhaps a year later. Ruskin again said of the walk of women of that day that it was like the waving of growing grain in the wind. Except as a symbol, this did not concern young Porel, although at the state theatre of the Odéon, which caught him up, he was first cast for the third witch in "Macbeth." It was five years before he was able to show what he could do, and then it was young Alexandre Dumas who took him over to the Gymnase Theatre for "Les Idées de Madame Aubray."

I was too young then and am too old now to have any legitimate opinion of that lady—whether there was any real French woman living inwardly or outwardly as she did on the stage, where she was supposed to be very French. Her ideas, like anything the younger Dumas wrote, were interesting and are so still, if only to show what her creator thought about various sorts of things human. But I am sure parallel lines do not meet, neither then nor at any time.

Porel rapidly became one of the *boulevardiers*, of whom it was the golden age with life narrowly channelled in the short distance from the Rue Drouot to the Chaussée d'Antin along the Boulevard des Italiens. At this latter end is the theatre of the Vaudeville, of which Porel has been the manager of late years; but the old, the only Boulevard has lengthened and broadened and coarsened and become common and cosmopolitan beyond all recognition, while the boulevardier is correspondingly as extinct as the dodo. There are Heroines, male and female, French and foreign, who do not know it and still try to mount to acquaintance with French life by the handy ladder of French plays and novels. They did not understand what was really happening before their eyes in 1870—but Porel, because he was real as well as French, went off to fight as a soldier.

Henry Reeve, the friend of Tocqueville and the Englishman of his time who knew best all classes of French society except the French workman, felt himself able to write under the dark revulsion from the Commune:

> The reluctance with which [France] was brought to submit to an oppressive and humiliating peace was the last proof she could give that something of her long greatness still remained in the hearts of her people.

During our own three years of war, all the world has seen that the long greatness whole and entire remains.

Porel went back to the business of life. At the Odéon he played the idyllic "Jean-Marie" of André Theuriet; the effusive "Marquis de Villemer" of George Sand, old romantic plays of Dumas the elder and Victor Hugo and new *bourgeois* entertainments of François Coppée—and the classical repertory. All had about the same relation to real French life. In 1885, he became manager of the Odéon, and Alexandre Dumas the younger, at the height of his fame, wrote of him:

> I should like to speak more at length of this comedian, so delicate and at the same time so exact, who is not yet forty years old and has created more than a hundred rôles since the war of 1870, in which he fought valiantly, was wounded by a bomb, and brought to the Odéon ambulance to be cared for by Sarah Bernhardt, who was a war nurse.

Porel managed for the rest of his life. Whatever he may have thought of real French life, he took up plays of utmost variety—"Henriette Maréchal" of the Goncourt brothers, treating crude creatures anatomically; the "Arlésienne" of Daudet, longing for his land of the sun, with music interspersed by Bizet; and Shakespeare also with music—of Godard for "Much Ado About Nothing," of Gabriel Fauré for "The Merchant of Venice," of Mendelssohn for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," of Thomé for "Romeo and Juliet." For these, he had the most noted concert orchestras of Paris. It was he, too, who began, or developed, the popular matinées, in which sample performances from the high repertory were expounded by notable theatrical critics and scholars like Francisque Sarcey, Gustave Larroumet, Jules Lemaître, and even Brunetière. And, at the Odéon, he brought out the "Amoureuse" of Porto Riche,

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with Réjane to create the part. Réjane married Porel and, with their grown-up son, walked yesterday at his funeral.

Leaving the Odéon, Porel acted again in a boulevard theatre, with Réjane and Guitry, whose name was also to become great, in the "Lysistrata" of Maurice Donnay, who thus broke from the Chat Noir into the dramatic way which has landed him in the Academy. In 1893, Porel went back to managing and took the Vaudeville, with part direction of the Gymnase, both types of the boulevard theatres. The new plays he produced were events, and they were regularly agreeable to thinking Paris, which may mean they set Paris thinking or that they echoed thought already articulate. His theatre ran parallel with life, which was the condition of his success; but it would be hard to find in his list life as it exists out of thought and mind. There was "Madame Sans-Gêne," which a Napoleonic wave and Réjane made real. There was the "Viveurs" of Henri Lavedan, who has also come to the Academy, and after whose plays Philistine *bourgeois* took their solemn way to some light night restaurant to see the table over which the titled hero was supposed to leap *faisant la noce*—just as American women visiting Paris have been known to persuade their husbands to take them to sit in Maxim's in the weird night, looking across at other American women similarly accompanied, each wondering if the other was the light Parisienne of legend. And there were recurrent equally up-to-date plays of authors henceforth known to the universe. So it went on to the war, and now, just as Porel was taking up again his management of parallels with Parisian life, he is gone.

S. D.

Paris, August 8

Correspondence

WAR'S ELEVATIONS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following incident is related in a friend's recent letter from the region of Verdun:

"The poilu at the beginning of the war was quartered in a fine château just evacuated by the Boches. Before leaving, these had dressed up a sow, and tucked her up in the bed of the lady of the house."

Now, at first sight this act would seem to be a specimen of filthy humor, but we should not be hasty of judgment and should remember how often it has been proclaimed that the Germans are seeking to carry better ideas of life to an inferior world. The following tale may indicate a deeper motive for the act, and some may even discover through it a trace of atavism.

In Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" there occurs a story, based on a passage in William of Malmsbury's "De Gestis regum Anglorum," which treats of an event at the close of the reign of Ina (688-726 A. D.), the excellent King of Wessex. The Queen, *femina sane regii generis et animi* (Malmsbury), was urgent that her husband should retire from the vexing cares of state and free his old age from the concerns of the world. The King, however, could not bring himself to take the step. "One day," says Turner's account, "as she travelled with the King to one of his rural mansions, where a splendid feast was prepared with all the pomp and bustle of royal luxury, she seized the occasion of converting it to a moral lecture on her favorite theme. They left the place after the repast, and a rustic by her orders, in their absence, scattered the festive hall with filth and rubbish, and placed a swinish litter (*porcam noviter enixam*, as Malmsbury has it) on the couch where he had reposed." The King was then persuaded to return to the scene of the previous night's festivities. He was greatly disgusted with the change, and asked how the Queen could have ordered it. She replied by eloquently calling his attention to the emptiness of their former splendor which had so soon passed away, and exhorted him to forsake the vanities of kingly power. The King was duly impressed, soon after resigned his crown, and went on a pilgrimage to Rome.

Who knows, then, but that this tale may furnish a *Leitmotiv* in explanation of the modern instance, and add to it an element of real moral elevation!

J. R. Wheeler

Burlington, Vt., September 15

FUNSHINE IN THE TRENCHES

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nearly all of nature's physical states have their human duplicates, a fact to which language itself bears witness. We speak of a gloomy day and a gloomy disposition; a stormy day and a stormy temper; sunny and frigid manners, and brains that are clear and foggy. In like manner, hot, cool, temperate, calm, and mild are all used with equal fitness of the moods of nature and of man. And what is true of such adjectives is, of course, true of the nouns which stand for qualities in nature and man which are spiritually and metaphorically akin. We speak of the bloom of a peach and the bloom of youth; of the spring and autumn of life and the "winter of our discontent."

Quite aside from the value of any philosophical speculations into which one may be led by the consideration of graces and failings common to nature and ourselves, we find that language is greatly enriched whenever adjectives or nouns which belong to nature, literally, are borrowed for the figurative use of man. And despite all our borrowings, we have not yet begun to exhaust the possibilities of this rhetorical exchequer.

Confining myself to only one such possibility, I suggest, in a merely tentative way, the word *funshine* as a new candidate for adoption into our language. The "matter-of-fancy" man will not need to be told that funshine is the facial and psychological radiation of humor and blitheness. To the mental and moral world, funshine is what sunshine is to the physical—it lights, warms, and possesses antiseptic properties. When caught concretely, in its facial lair, it is the twinkling radiance which flickers over the eyes and face like a dimpling sun-dance on the water. But psychologically considered, its rays carry much farther than its physical registration on the face; like the great celestial light, whose beams come down so many million miles to bless the earth, the beams of funshine may extend their radiation, by spiritual contagion, to distances beyond the computation of man.

Being such a newly born word, funshine has no good synonyms. Twinkle-light, twinkle-beams, fun-beams, funlight, fun-gleams, and wit-sparks might pass as poor first cousins of the word. Or, translated to terms of bird-dom, we find its near-kin in spinkishness, as a bobolink illustrates it when he "sends down a brook of laughter in the air."

Unlike its physical prototype, sunshine, which emanates

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from one celestial body, funshine may be the composite radiation of many bodies, or rather many souls, for blitheness is one of the most spiritual of all qualities. Sometimes these individual radiations of light and cheer combine—like the cluster-lights of a magnificent chandelier. Many good papers, magazines, schools, colleges, and churches emit the blithe radiations of funshine. Again, it may shine out singly, among a band of Gradgrinds, like a faithful lamp in a lonely street.

It was a foregone conclusion that a nation so spiritually alert as the French should recognize at once the kinetic value of funshine, as they did when they decorated with one of their most coveted medals a soldier whose heroic blitheness never failed to dispel the fogs of trench gloom. Whatever his weapons, such a soldier is not only thrice armed himself, but holds the protecting ægis of Minerva over his comrades. That indefinable quality known as "morale" is always the sum total of the unquenchable lights of gallant blitheness. "Those cursed Boches don't look where they are firing," were the last words of another Frenchman, who left behind him the brave afterglow of a smile. Related to him in spirit, as he was by racial ties, Thoreau met the prophecy of the end of the world with the nonchalant rejoinder: "I can get on very well without it." This may seem a far cry from Job's sublime credo: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him"; but it is, in fact, only a secular paraphrase of that ancient slogan of spiritual triumph. In the same key, too, though with still more secular words, was the last quip of Charles the Second. Remembering it, one understands why people were more disposed to forgive that genial monarch's vices than condone the unilluminated goodness of more virtuous men.

A spiritual brother of the French, the American youth radiates funshine as naturally as a buttercup lights up the grassy meadow. Like that shining blossom, too, which can be depended upon to petal forth cheer, whether it blooms in a rough stony pasture or a fertile meadow, the American lad can be counted upon to furnish funshine, whether at home, or in the barbaric bleakness of the trench, or on the grewsome field of battle's aftermath.

Funshine is therefore the outward and visible sign of that hardy grace, adjustability, whose psychological analysis discloses sweetness and light, themselves redivisible into the spectrum of nearly all the solar virtues. Funshine is hence no holiday quality, but a connotation of the stable stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. It is, indeed, that fine margin of greatness, paralleled by the sun, which can, not only run a universe, but cheerfully assist man in all manner of homely enterprises, like drying hay, bleaching clothes, and printing off chortling photographs for amateurs.

But it is obvious that our tribute to this shining quality cannot be confined to a study of its exercise among French and Americans alone. Many a noble English and German lad, as well as representatives of all the nations at war, has worn his valorous halo of cheer until the last life-spark flickered out.

Although it is not down on any contraband list of articles, nor quoted in the marketplace, next to a clean heart funshine is the most valuable asset which the soldier takes to battle with him. With it, he may make a rainbow out of a tear, by refracting through it the light of a smile. Without it, he may be little more than another cog in the great war machine; with it, and the knowledge that his cause is just, he may woo the stars in their courses to fight with him. Even brighter will be his halo of blitheness, if he fights with the determination that this war shall end all war; that never again shall be extinguished the divine life-sparks, given to be handed down, from generation to generation, like vestal lights forever trimmed and lit on temple altars of old. ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

Weston, Mass., September 1

BOOKS

War and Ethics

Aristodemocracy: From the Great War Back to Moses, Christ, and Plato. By Sir Charles Waldstein. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

SIR CHARLES WALDSTEIN, archæologist and publicist, has written a thoughtful book which yet fails quite to satisfy the mind by reason of certain inconsistencies in his major premises. The work, as the title implies and as might be taken for granted in these times, is inspired by the present débâcle of civilization, but on the causes of the war, the pivotal point of his whole argument, he is, like a good many other moralists of the present day, curiously ambiguous. So in one place (page 7) the "etiology of this infernal disease" is traced to "the fact that we have no efficient common ideals or that we have false ideals, prejudices, and one-sided figments of diseased or unbalanced brains, which we have raised to the rank of ideals. . . . But, more than this, it is to be found in the undeniable fact that the modern world has no faith—no religion, if you like." The war, in other words, is the natural outcome of a disease inherent in our form of civilization. Yet only a few pages further on the author is attributing the conflict to the deliberative schemes of the militaristic party in Germany, and to their desire "that the Teutonic race and Teutonic civilization should supersede the world-hegemony of Britain," etc. So, in his preface, Sir Charles makes the Socialist party one of the contributory causes. He declares that "so long as the Socialistic party places economic interests before and above all others, it will be a discordant and destructive element in the advancement of the true ideals of humanity as well as of all the minor groupings of social communities." That is put with discrimination, yet further on (page 104) we are surprised to learn that the International Socialistic Brotherhood is exalted as one of the effectual forces of peace. Nor is the author's analysis of the German character any more consistent. Like others who have been shaken by events out of their Teutonic sympathies, he must find a sudden change in the national character to excuse his own change of attitude. Quoting from an address delivered by him before the Congress of German Journalists in 1906 (Sir Charles is inordinately fond of quoting from himself), he maintains that "Germany has with glorious vigor stood before the world as the country of intellectual depth and sincerity of mind, of thoroughness and spiritualization of man's achievements in all spheres, of unending perseverance in the fight for truth." Such a characterization sounds a little odd of a country which has shown a temper of brutal disregard to the truth, and so Sir Charles is bound to justify himself by seeking for some special cause, some particular group of villains

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who have been corrupting a naturally truthful and spiritual people since the Franco-Prussian War. Well and good; we might pass this common evasion of the facts, were it not that elsewhere (pages 65 ff.) our apologist discovers "the prevalence and intensity of envy as a national characteristic" of the race, a characteristic which was present at the beginning of its history, as was noted by Tacitus, and which is recognized by its own thinkers and statesmen. Of this spirit of envy the "Hymn of Hate" is the supreme expression. Now the pages in which the author traces and analyzes this characteristic of the German temper are penetrating in their psychology and convincing in their illustrations; but it is not clear how the spirit of envy is reconcilable with truth and spirituality.

These fundamental inconsistencies lie at the base of the book and cannot be honestly explained away. Nor is the same hastiness of generalization entirely absent from the superstructure. Sir Charles is a moralist and is writing in the interest of a new ethical creed. Yet even here there is a certain note of uncertainty. He is deeply impregnated with the modern idea that we must throw overboard the old distrust of human nature and make our moral law positive rather than negative. He is a Nietzschean so far as to maintain that "he [Nietzsche] has once and for all clearly established the rights of the instincts to self-preservation, physical and moral, to be considered in every ethical system, even the loftiest, as not being bad, but noble and good. . . . Every system of ethics which denies this and lowers the sanctity of the body and the rightness of man's instincts in themselves is either immoral or unreasonable and degrading to man." Yet withal Sir Charles is constantly harping on the need of disciplining and restraining these natural instincts. A middle term may perhaps be found between these two conceptions of morality in his admission that every instinct should be allowed full liberty until it comes into conflict with another and higher instinct, but at least it must be said that the discrepancy between the older classical notion of morality as discipline and restraint and the prevailing modern notion of free expansion of the instincts is deeper than the easy terms of the present book would lead one to suppose.

If Sir Charles is very much at sea in his analysis of causes, a certain amount of praise can be vouchsafed to his proposal of remedies. A good physician need not necessarily be a profound etiologist of disease. His thesis is double. For the general relaxation, or uncertainty, of morals he declares that we must create a definite schedule of ethical precepts. In this he is sound. More than anything else the world, if it is to be saved, must recreate a system of ethical principles which are imposed on the individual by society and the state, and which will tell him simply and clearly what is right and what is wrong. Sir Charles does not attempt to play the rôle of Lycurgus for his age, giving, instead of a definite law, a series of considerations on the general principles of duty. If he is vague here, he at least has touched the sore spot of civilization with a sure finger.

Of his more specific remedy for war, we would speak with reservation. This is nothing less than the establishment of an international court with an international army to enforce its decrees. The scheme is not new, nor is it original with him, though he has supported it for a number of years. The difficulties and perils of the project he scarcely considers, but its favorable aspects are presented by him with plausible conviction.

We have dealt somewhat severely with a work which has attracted no little consideration in England, and its deeply-lying inconsistencies seem to us to merit this severity. It is fair to add that, though disfigured by a good deal of repetition, the book is often brilliant in detail and in parts displays great acumen.

Among the "Localists"

The Triumph. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Man Thou Gavest. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Gone to Earth. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Limehouse Nights. By Thomas Burke. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

An appreciation of "Mr. Harben's Georgia Fiction" is reprinted from the *North American Review*, by way of introduction to "The Triumph." Mr. Howells is enthusiastic to the point of saying: "Of all our localists, as I may call the type of American writers whom I think the most national, no one has done things more expressive of the life he was born to than Mr. Harben." The reader who does not know Mr. Harben's more characteristic world would find little justification for such praise in this book. Perhaps the reason lies in its departure from his accredited "localism," the life and character of the Georgia mountaineers. Its place, to be sure, is Georgia, and over the village of Delbridge, which is its chief scene, hang the mountains—a region, with its outlaws and its fastnesses, of menace or of refuge to the lowlander. But this is a story of lowlanders—of planters and white trash and the perilous third estate of the negro in his hour of emancipation. And in withdrawing to the Civil War period, Mr. Harben has abandoned that main asset of his and Mr. Howells's sort of realism, the thing seen and known at first hand. In consequence, he has not worked freely or spontaneously, and his product is too plainly a made affair. Mr. Howells has high praise for his mountain dialogue: "His people talk as if they had not been in books before. . . . They express themselves, without straining for dialect, in the neighborly parlance which their experience and their observation have not transcended, and they express themselves with a fury of fun, of pathos, and profanity which is native to their region." Such is the speech of the 'Drew Merlin of this story, and of his friends the Dills and Jimmy Webb, but the other people in the book talk like a book; not only 'Drew's brother Thomas (who, to be sure, has had a college education) and the aristocratic Prestons, but, quite inexplicably, his wife and daughter. As for the action, it is patently built to fit the writer's purpose—to put the historic conflict of the sixties in terms of Georgian life. 'Drew Merlin is that honest and tactless champion of the Union who might be found in any Southern community, during the decade which included the war, alienating his friends and risking his life for conscience sake. Merlin is disliked before the war because of his outspoken hatred of slavery. After his return as a crippled soldier of the Union, he is still more odious to a Confederate neighborhood in the toils of carpet-

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bagging reconstruction. In the end, thanks to an integrity which will accept no aid of common-sense, he wins the respect of the changing world about him, embodies "the triumph" of the Northern over the Southern ideal. He might have been less a fool without over-flattering his cause. The "love-interest," involving his priggish daughter Anne and his fatuous if high-born neighbor Arthur Preston, is of the most perfunctory sort.

A liberal half, and by far the better half, of "The Man Thou Gavest" has its action and setting among the Southern mountaineers. Unluckily for the effect of the book as a whole, its "localism" is employed to an ulterior end. The primitive life and character of the mountains are forced into the office of pointing up and giving a sort of exotic relish to an essentially and even conventionally "modern" story. To the remote cabin of a mountain sheriff comes, under doctor's orders, a young New Yorker, a would-be playwright. There is a local feud in progress, and to escape the danger of having to arrest his friends, the sheriff makes off to the deep woods, leaving his guest to do his mooning and writing alone. At the heart of the feud is a young mountain beauty and coquette, Nella-Rose. She flits in upon the solitude of the stranger, both are stricken by passion, and by this and that, though both have the best intentions, the usual thing happens. The youth is summoned northward; the girl hides, to wait for his promised return; and all kinds of slips and misapprehensions prevent them from ever meeting again. Nella-Rose, after the birth of her child, is married by her great-hearted mountain lover. The youth by degrees discovers that the very advanced and cultivated maiden who has been his childhood's comrade is his true mate. After their marriage there springs up between them a new lot of slips and misapprehensions which part them except in name. The woman is sensitive and exacting and a stickler for the dignity of her sex, and the man, to tell the truth, is uncommonly stupid, even for a husband. In the end they are somewhat fabulously brought together by Nella-Rose's child. Against an action artificially contrived, the figure of Nella-Rose stands out with a good deal of vigor and clarity.

The Hazel Woodus of "Gone to Earth" is another victim of childish simplicity and passion. As in her earlier novel, "The Golden Arrow," the author has employed a rustic English scene suggestive of Mr. Phillpotts's Dartmoor, but narrower and more gloomy, its very sunlight a treacherous and ironical force. "Small, feckless clouds were hurried across the vast untroubled sky—shepherdless, futile, imponderable—and were torn to fragments on the fangs of the mountains, so ending their ephemeral adventures with nothing of their fugitive existence left but a few tears." Thus, in the opening sentence, the sad note of the chronicle is struck. Beautiful Hazel, with her gypsy inheritance, is doomed from the outset. Her capacity for joy and kindness is to win her nothing better than marriage with a pure-hearted and futile young parson, later enslavement to a strong and brutal male, and a ruthless quietus at the moment when life begins to have some sort of meaning for her. On the whole, the "localism" of this writer is hardly more than a garb for her bitter distrust of human nature and society. More than once she gives vent to this bitterness in passages like this: "For civilization as it now stands is based solely on this one thing—vicarious suffering. From the central doctrine of its chief creed to the system of its trade; from the vivisection table to the consumptive genius dying so that crowds of fat folk may get his soul in a cheap form, it is all built up on sacrifice of other creatures." Poor Hazel's death is itself a sort of protest against the established cruelty of life.

The author of "Limehouse Nights" would seem to be a specialist rather than a localist. He has chosen and "exploited" with remarkable vigor a dingy region by the London dock-side, with its motley population, its varied dives, its Oriental filth, and cockney deviltry. He has made a new sensation in war-time England, avid of spicy diversions. Mr. Bennett has praised his book, Mr. Wells has lauded its "romantic force and beauty." An American enthusiast has declared that "not since the days when a Kipling burst upon the English world has any writer displayed more sheer power and driving force." Within earshot of all these trumpetings, we took up the stories in a mood of high expectation. We were disappointed. There is no fresh note of inspiration here; at best, there is a fresh trick. This consists in a lyrical and romantic introductory paragraph followed by some tale of horror and squalor and "brutal realism," into which we are expected to read human feeling and meaning. "Hear the story if you will, and be gentle, be pitiful," says Mr. Burke, plaintively, and proceeds to be as rough and pitiless as he likes. In short, instead of giving his audience something new, he has (far more safely) given a fresh sauce to its favorite diet of paradox. For the rest, the old tricks have served him well enough. Here is the Kipling trick of foreshortening. Here, above all, is the "O. Henry" trick of the snappy ending. We might still be laboring after belief in this writer's sincerity if it were not for his set habit of providing an artificial turn of surprise, a veritable American "punch" at the end of each lurid yarn.

Native American Birds

Friends in Feathers: Character Studies of Native American Birds which, through friendly advances, I induced to pose for me, or succeeded in photographing by good fortune, with the Story of my Experiences in obtaining their Pictures. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $3.50 net.

IN this handsome bird-book the author tells how she succeeded in obtaining many of the rare and interesting photographs by which it is profusely illustrated, and incidentally records numerous pertinent facts concerning the habits of her favorite subjects. Though a student of bird-life would look in vain for any new observations of importance, and though the natural history to which the author frequently appeals is of a very thin quality, her work, nevertheless, is worthy of high praise for the excellence of many of her photographic studies; only a field student who is an adept with the camera can appreciate how fine some of these pictures really are.

In the twenty-five chapters of the volume we find depicted many characteristic birds of the country, and all are illustrated more or less completely in their young and adult stages with the author's photographs. It is well to remember that the "true natural-history picture" is not revealed in a spotted photograph, with the foreground frequently out of focus; it is determined by the actors, in this instance by the birds themselves, and though color and surroundings coöperate, it is more independent of background and every subordinate factor than many realize. Experiment proves

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the truth of this most clearly; similarly, the material which birds use in the construction of their nests is far less important than their method of dealing with it. This is well illustrated by one of Mrs. Porter's most attractive studies, the robin's nest (p. 138), in the base and sides of which a conspicuous tangle of white shavings has been worked, as if in defiance of enemies. This admirable picture, in which one of the parent birds that has evidently fed its young stands in the attitude of inspection, is labelled "When father Robin regurgitates." Has the author ever seen the robin regurgitate food for its young? If so, her observation is unique.

The reader of these pages will find the personality of the writer reflected in her bird friends and favorites; a good illustration of her style and methods will be found in Chapter XIII, on The Belted Kingfisher, in which are vividly described the difficulties that were surmounted in obtaining pictures of the free adult birds, and of the young when at the critical moment of leaving their subterranean home:

> It was two and a half hours by my watch; I was almost insensible, when a faint whistle from Raymond recalled me. I looked down, snapping on the instant, and secured the coveted picture. This in connection with the two fishing pictures of the grown birds are the only real, natural kingfisher pictures I have ever seen. I could scarcely pack my camera and return to the cabin. I was as red as red flannel, long ago perspiration had dried up, while my flesh burned as with fire. I got into the bathtub, turned on hot water and took a Turkish bath until perspiration started again to sweat the heat out of me. Then I dressed my blisters and went to bed for the remainder of the day. But never since have I been able to endure the same degree of heat for that length of time.
>
> Whatever it cost, it was worth while. The picture is one of my finest; also I got some mental impressions on that day, of the swamp in the quarry, and across the road, and of the line of the river, which I now could reproduce in the least detail. I could catch every breath of movement among the willows and poplars. There were water rats riffling the pool, and snakes weaving among the grasses. All birds of spring were busy everywhere. The red-winged blackbirds, there were myriads of them, seemed especially to delight in swaying on the rushes and splashing the water. It appeared to me, up on that embankment, in the merciless heat, throbbing with wasp-stings, burning with thirst, blistering with sunburn, that those provoking birds took pleasure in bathing with exaggerated slop and splash. For one insane moment, after the shutter closed, I had an idea of throwing myself into that pool and splashing also. Then it came to me that in my condition to enter cold water meant death, so I waited and endured the further punishment of the hot bath, or I would not to-day tell the story of my friendship with the kingfishers.

Notable Episodes in Outlawry

Kentucky's Famous Feuds and Tragedies. By Charles G. Mutzenberg. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25 net.

To the preparation of this "authentic history of the world-renowned vendettas of the Dark and Bloody Ground" the author was obviously moved by a missionary impulse. A loyal Kentuckian, convinced that the world at large had condemned his State without a fair hearing by holding it responsible for the misconduct of a single element in its population, he has essayed to relieve this judgment by looking up the actual records of a few of the most notable episodes in local outlawry, and substituting the proven or provable facts for the lurid romances with which the newspapers have too often been supplied. He begins by tracing in outline the story of the settlement of the State by hardy pioneers, whose struggles with the Indians taught them the art of ambush-fighting, and whose lack of duly qualified courts threw upon them the task of executing summary justice with their own hands and in their own way. With the general establishment of social order a more sophisticated class of immigrants poured in, and the blue-grass regions of central and western Kentucky soon yielded to the influences of education, mental and moral; but the mountain country of the eastern border was slower to respond, and its progress in civilization was retarded by an influx of evil-doers from the adjoining States of Virginia, West Virginia, and Tennessee, fleeing thither to hide from the officers of the law. Private vengeance supplanted more orderly processes for protecting rights and adjusting grievances between neighbors, and a wrong suffered by one member of a family provoked reprisals by his kindred in a body, this in its turn arousing a like spirit of retaliation in the family of his adversary. The clannishness of the mountaineers our author attributes largely to the fact that so many of them sprang from the same stock as the Scottish highlanders, the feud instinct being transplanted with the blood.

The most interesting chapter in Mr. Mutzenberg's book, to the reader in search of picturesque rather than merely sanguinary details, is that which describes "The Great Hatfield-McCoy Feud." This trouble began with the discovery, in the pen of a member of the Hatfield family, of some razor-back hogs belonging to a member of the McCoy family. A lawsuit for the recovery of the animals was tried in a rustic court, and attended by friends of both parties, all armed. McCoy lost his case, after a bitter altercation with a Hatfield witness named Stayton which presently led to a hand-to-hand fight and the killing of Stayton by one of the McCoys. Two years of embroilment between the families culminated in a meeting on an election day when, crazed with liquor, a Hatfield tried to brain a McCoy with a jagged stone, but was shot by another McCoy before he could accomplish his purpose, and the feud was on. Three McCoys whom the Hatfields held accountable for the shooting were taken by a Hatfield mob to a remote place, tied to pawpaw bushes, and used as targets for the marksmen of the crowd, care being taken to avoid, as long as practicable, hitting a vital spot, so as to prolong the suffering of the victims, one of whom was a little boy. Not all the Hatfields, be it noted, took part in this butchery: one of the original band accompanied it to the edge of a neighboring stream and halted there. "The Bible," said he, virtuously, "condemns murder." And on account of this conscientious scruple his activities were confined to standing guard, so as to prevent any interference with his kinsmen in their debauch of blood. When all three McCoys were dead, another Hatfield, a Justice of the Peace, administered to the whole party, with their hands raised to heaven, a solemn oath never to reveal the secrets of the night's work!

This feud lasted for the better part of a score of years, and involved the employment of every available agency of destruction, from ordinary encounters with knives and firearms up to the siege of a natural fortress in the hills and its demolition with dynamite. Most of the feudists seemed to bear charmed lives, surviving bodily punctures and wholesale explosions, and continuing to fight even when supposed to be at death's door. At one stage, owing to the fact that most of the Hatfields lived in West Virginia and the McCoys in Kentucky, the two States came near

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being drawn into civil war, their Governors indulging in a spicy correspondence over an effort to have some of the Hatfields, who had been indicted for a McCoy murder in Kentucky, surrendered to the Kentucky authorities for trial. Another unusual incident was a plea by one of the accused Hatfields that, though certain McCoys had been killed on the Kentucky side of the Big Sandy River, he was at the time of the shooting on the West Virginia side.

Other chapters describe "The Tolliver-Martin-Logan Vendetta," "The French-Eversole War," and a group of tragedies having their background in one particularly notorious county—"Bloody Breathitt." Much of the material is sordid as well as sanguinary, involving the intimidation or purchase of witnesses and courts, and making evident the truth of the author's conclusion that these troubles are due chiefly to inefficient, corrupt, and depraved officials; to the want of a healthy public sentiment through lack of proper education and religious training; to the fact that the law-abiding element of the feud-ridden counties have so long been domineered over by the criminal class and their parasites "as to be incapable of bringing about a reformation unaided"; and that "the promiscuous, unrestrained, and illegal sale of whiskey added fury, fire, and venom to the minds and hearts of murderers."

As a literary product, this volume has little to commend it. A needless multiplicity of detail, doubtless intended to give it weight as an indictment, swells it to burdensome proportions.

The Stone Age

Men of the Old Stone Age: Their Environment, Life, and Art. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

THIS notable work, which represents the substance of a series of lectures delivered by the author at the University of California in 1914, is virtually a textbook of ancient man. For all who would understand how human prehistory is articulated with history in Europe, or who would follow the marvellous tale of the unfolding of the body and spirit of man during the vast and portentous period of the Ice Ages, no better guide could be found than Professor Osborn's attractive and lucid volume.

The author has sketched in outline the entire Pleistocene or Glacial Epoch in Europe, which, according to the time-standards adopted, extended over 525,000 years, but attention is mainly directed to the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age, which is supposed to occupy its last quarter only, or about 125,000 years. With rare critical insight and judicial fairness Professor Osborn has utilized the results of workers in every pertinent field, whether in geology, paleontology, anthropology, or archæology, and has produced a compendium which should long remain a standard of excellence.

The reader will find an informing introduction on the rise of anthropology and kindred topics, followed by five elaborate chapters, in which are gradually unfolded the panoramic changes of the Glacial Epoch, with its successive and overlapping human races and cultures, its profound geographic and climatal changes, its surge of animal and plant life from the north, south, and east, from tundra, steppe, and back again, with the alternate advance and retreat of the polar ice through seven great stages of the Pleistocene, down to Postglacial times and the Neolithic invasion which preceded the Age of Bronze. The work is fairly well indexed, and there is a useful bibliography. Attention should also be called to the excellence of the illustrations, many of which are original, and to the carefully prepared and eminently useful tables and charts, in one of which we have an elaborate correlation of the chief events of the entire Ice Age.

The author adopts the now widely accepted view that man originated on the continent of Asia, where in the late Pliocene or early Pleistocene his evolution was consummated. Different racial stocks, which pressed gradually westward, entered Europe in successive waves: there their movements were determined by those of the great mammals on which they had come to subsist, but each race maintained its identity with remarkable persistence until submerged or driven out by a hardier or better stock.

The difference between early and late Pleistocene is a matter of hundreds of thousands of years, and since the author adopts the date of 125,000 B. C. to represent the age of the earliest-known implements of undoubted human workmanship, this would give a transition period of over 400,000 years for human evolution between a stage represented by the Pliocene *Pithecanthropus*, or ape-man of Java, and the true flint-workers of Paleolithic times. In comparison, therefore, with such pre-human types the advanced Paleoliths were quite modern. In other words, the modern type of man is very old, and the Crô-Magnons of the Upper Paleolithic, with their gigantic stature and high-brain capacity, must be conceded to have been one of the finest human stocks which the world has ever seen.

The Æneid of man in western Europe is a theme worthy of the historian, but we can give only a few of the author's conclusions in regard to critical stages, discoveries, and events. The second and greatest of the glacial periods in both Europe and America is believed to have extended to upwards of 50,000 years, while the mild interval which followed, known as the Second Interglacial stage, is now thought to have occupied no less than 150,000 years, and is further remarkable for having shown the first indisputable proofs of the presence of man in western Europe. The evidence for the existence of Pliocene man or his immediate ancestors is regarded as more than doubtful; nor is he thought to have been present to contest the supremacy of the great beasts which invaded Europe from north, south, and east in the mild First Interglacial stage at the beginning of the Pleistocene; yet *Pithecanthropus* may have mingled with the throng which issued from Java, and this strange semi-human form represents the very stage which we should expect to encounter at the dawn of the Pleistocene.

Professor Osborn believes that the first human stock was established in Germany early in the Second Interglacial phase of the Pleistocene, and, according to his time-scale, this would imply that man has lived on European soil from 300,000 to 350,000 years, a conclusion which rests upon the now famous jaw-bone, found buried to a depth of seventy-nine feet in sand, at Mauer, near Heidelberg, Germany, in 1907; whether this represents a new genus of mankind, or a Neanderthaler in the making, it is rightly regarded as one of the most significant discoveries in the whole history of anthropology.

Concerning the "dawn man," *Eoanthropus*, of Piltdown, of which Dr. Keith has recently given so complete and able an analysis, the author believes that it belongs relatively late in the Pleistocene. The dissociated canine tooth which

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has caused no little trouble in relation to this much-discussed human document, and which the reviewer does not believe ever belonged to the Piltdown skull at all, is regarded as pertaining to the left upper instead of to the right lower series of teeth; thus this Melchizedek of an elder day is represented as standing alone, without any known ancestry of Paleolithic age, and without known descendants in modern times.

The successive human cultures of the lower Paleolithic, embracing the Pre-Chellean, Acheulean, the Mousterian, and extending for one hundred thousand years, through the Third Interglacial and the greater part of the Fourth Glacial periods, are treated with much illuminating detail, and afford a picture of Europe at a time when it was dominated by that strange compound of human and simian characters, the low-browed Neanderthaler.

The golden age of primitive man was finally reached in the Upper Paleolithic, towards the close of the Pleistocene, when Europe was the witness of startling changes, climatic, geographical, and racial. The Neanderthal hunters were either driven out or exterminated by superior races which entered Europe from the east. Bringing with them cultures already highly developed in comparison with anything which had hitherto been known, they completely possessed the land, and through successive Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian stages advanced with rapid stride. Of the five distinct races which are known to have entered Europe in the Upper Paleolithic but three became firmly established, and of these the Crô-Magnons remained the dominating type until the close of Magdalenian times, when retrogression again occurred. Modern man bringing his Aurignacian culture with him, is thus supposed to have entered Europe between 25,000 and 30,000 B. C.

European art, which was born in the Aurignacian cultural stage, but lapsed during the cold of the Solutrean, came to full fruition in the Magdalenian, to which the author assigns a minimum date of 16,000 B. C. We have admired the mural paintings in many an Egyptian tomb, which might have been decorated in the time of Moses, but which, to judge from the freshness of the coloring, were the work of yesterday; how much more fascinating, if less valuable for the continuous history of art, are the works of the Crô-Magnons who, for some occult reason, if not from pure love of such labor, worked with graver and brush to decorate their dark and cavernous abodes eighteen thousand years ago, and who have preserved for all future ages the forms of more than thirty extinct animals of Paleolithic time!

New races forging westward, now by way of the Danube, appeared on the scene, and one of them, the Furfooz-Grenelle, was the first strictly broad-headed people known to Europe. Deprived of the complaisant reindeer, and reduced to inferior weapons of the chase, the men resorted more and more to fishing. Pre-Neolithic invaders from the north brought with them the dog, but the Paleolithic peoples knew not agriculture, the art of pottery, nor the use of strictly domestic animals; consequently they could have enjoyed no fixed abodes. Such prime requisites of civilized life came with the Age of Polished Stone, when the Neolithic people entered Europe by way of the Mediterranean coast.

In conclusion the author remarks that "the sudden appearance in Europe at least 25,000 years ago of a human race with a high order of brain power and ability was not a leap forward, but the effect of a long process of evolution elsewhere. When the prehistoric archæology of eastern Europe and of Asia has been investigated we may obtain some light on this antecedent development."

A Complete Musical Library

The Art of Music. In fourteen volumes. New York: The National Society of Music.

AFTER four years of preparation, and with the aid of a number of well-known writers, the National Society of Music, which has its headquarters at Aeolian Hall, has issued fourteen volumes which together constitute the most comprehensive series on music ever issued in this country. The name of Daniel Gregory Mason as the editor-in-chief should not deter any one from welcoming this publication, for his reactionary and predominantly Teutonic predilections have not been allowed to cast their shadow on the series as a whole. Probably César Saerchinger, who has contributed many of the most readable, as well as scholarly, pages, is responsible for the plan of the work, which is original and ingenious, inasmuch as the two volumes devoted to a biographic dictionary serve at the same time as an index to all the other volumes. These treat successively and systematically of the history of music, of songs and song writers, of choral and church music, of pianoforte and chamber music, of orchestral works and their composers, of the opera, the ballet, and American composers, who are honored with a separate volume.

The dictionary of musicians is based on the best authorities, including the eighth edition of Riemann's "Musik-Lexikon," published in 1914, of which only a few copies reached this country; and it has the advantage of being more abreast of the times than similar publications in any language. Facts alone are given, all comment being reserved for the chapters in the other volumes in which the various classes of the works of each composer are discussed. The scope of the information given in the dictionary is wider than usual, mention being made not only of musicians, but also of managers like Hammerstein, Conried, Savage, or patrons like Stoeckel, De Coppet, and Higginson, concerning whom there is a general desire to know something. Pavlowa, Nijinsky, Mordkin, and other famous dancers are also remembered. As to serious omissions, only one of the leading American violinists, Albert Spalding, has been noted by the writer. The most remarkable man named surely is the historian, Emil Naumann, for, according to the information here given, he lived only from 1877 to 1888. Streatfeild is entered as Streatfield. Such errors may creep into any dictionary of over six hundred pages; as a rule, the information given is accurate.

Instead of entrusting the history of music to a single writer, the editors of "The Art of Music" engaged no fewer than twenty-three men (among them Franz Bellinger, M.-D. Calvocoressi, Cecil Forsyth, H. F. Gilbert, E. B. Hill, Walter Kramer, E. Kilenzi, B. Lambord, F. H. Martens, Eduardo Marzo, Ivan Narodny, Ernest Newman, Hubert H. Parry) with the task of furnishing chapters on the periods with which they are particularly familiar; a plan which, while not without its drawbacks, gives variety and interest to the three volumes in which the story of music, from the crude utterances of savages and the primitive art of ancient nations to the latest works of Stravinsky and Grainger, is related. Following the example of Emil

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Naumann, the authors have endeavored to treat music not as a thing by itself, but as related to the social, political, and even the commercial and economic conditions of the different periods. Fortunately they did not also follow the example of Naumann in treating all the great composers after Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven as mere "epigonen." While the writers of the sections on Schubert, Weber, Chopin, and Liszt do not quite rise to the advanced and exalted position of Dr. Riemann, as exhibited in his remarkable "Geschichte der Musik seit Beethoven"—which is worth more than all other histories of modern music in all languages put together—they have, nevertheless, contrived to rise as a rule above the idiotic overrating of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven and underrating of their followers, especially those that were not Germans. The Teutonic prejudice still lingers, however, in some of the opinions expressed; and it is surely foolish to countenance the spelling of Tchaikovsky's name in the German way (Tschaikowsky) because, as the editor explains, it was by way of Germany that this Russian was made known to the rest of the world—which is not even correct, for, as a matter of fact, the Germans were much slower than, for instance, the English and the Americans in appreciating the genius of Tchaikovsky.

In the chapter on Chopin there is the usual twaddle about his "morbid" nocturnes, and the usual nonsense about his "rubato" as affecting "only the right hand," which would transform the most poetic of all composers into a mere machine. The "leading motive" is not an invention of Berlioz, but of Weber, who made almost Wagnerian use of it in his "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe" before Berlioz took it up. John Field was not a Scotchman but an Irishman; and W. J. Henderson did not write the present reviewer's book on "Songs and Song Writers," a misdemeanor of which he is repeatedly accused in two of these volumes. The genius of Arthur Sullivan is underrated; and so is that of Puccini, in an otherwise excellent chapter on modern Italian opera by Walter Kramer; "La Bohême" is not his best opera. In "Madama Butterfly," and particularly in the last act of "Tosca," there are pages that even Verdi never surpassed. The chapter on Spanish Music will be welcomed because, apart from Van Vechten's "Music and Bad Manners," there seem to be no books in which detailed information on that subject can be found. Ernest Newman, Edward Burlingame Hill, and Ivan Narodny contribute fascinating and well-informed articles respectively on the latest musical developments in Germany, France, and Russia; but the most delightful chapter in all these fourteen volumes is Cecyl Forsythe's epigrammatic essay on modern England. In these days of over-orchestration one reads with joy his remark concerning Bantock that "perhaps no one knows better than he how to 'score heavily' by 'scoring lightly.'" Grieg used to do that sort of thing—and Schubert.

In the volume on America fewer details are given about the composers and their works than in Rupert Hughes's admirable book on the same subject; but, on the other hand, the subject is treated much more comprehensively, there being chapters on early musical organizations, choral as well as orchestral; the history of opera in New York and elsewhere; musical education; and the folk-element in American art. The final section is concerned with De Koven, Victor Herbert, Sousa, and other purveyors of music in the lighter vein. Pageants are considered, as well as community music, now so much under discussion; and there is valuable information about the leading conservatories in the country. Patriotic and national airs are not overlooked, and the chapters devoted to the composers bring the subject down to the hour. Music festivals are treated perhaps rather unfairly. They have their justification in this that they provide opportunities to hear the world's great artists in coöperation with local choruses.

In the volume on The Voice and Vocal Music, which treats its subject comprehensively and on the whole commendably, cold water is thrown on the attempts of Americans. "Beyond MacDowell," we read, "it is not easy to name a single American song-writer who has any claim to a position among the song-writers of the world." David Bispham contributes an introduction, and the part on vocal mechanism and voice culture is by David C. Taylor, author of the epoch-making book entitled "The Psychology of Singing." In Vol. VI Rossetter Gleason Cole writes in a catholic spirit of Church and Choral Music of all times. Pianoforte and chamber music are considered in as much detail as possible in the seventh volume, while the eighth is devoted to the orchestra and orchestral music. In this volume the illustrations, which abound throughout the whole series, are particularly helpful to readers in search of enlightment. Alfred Hertz contributes an introduction to Vol. IX, which covers the history of the opera in all countries with descriptions of the more important ones. The volume devoted to The Dance is by Ivan Narodny, than whom no more competent and entertaining historian and commentator could have been chosen. The biographic dictionary previously referred to fills Vols. XI and XII, and the series is completed by two more volumes in larger format, containing 240 complete pieces designed to illustrate, by actual examples, the course of musical development from ancient times to the present. Thus the owner of this series has a chance to view music from every possible point of view. Special interest attaches to the American pieces of songs included because in most cases the selection has been made by the composers themselves.

HENRY T. FINCK

Notes

THE Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for immediate publication the following volumes: "The Soldier's Diary"; "The Life of Tolstoi," by Nathan H. Dole; "Songs of Hope," by Harold Speakman.

"The Forfeit," by Ridgwell Cullum, is announced for publication October 6 by George W. Jacobs & Company.

The October publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company are announced as follows: "Fanny Herself," by Edna Ferber; "Drowsy," by John A. Mitchell; "Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer," by Frank H. Butler; "The Brazilians and Their Country," by Clayton S. Cooper; "The Heart of O Sono San," by Elizabeth Cooper; "The Human Side of Birds," by Royal Dixon; "Soft Toys and How to Make Them," by E. A. Hickman; "How Joy Was Found," by Isobel W. Hutchison; "Contemporary Russian Composers," by M. Montagu-Nathan; "The Cradle of Our Lord," by John Oxenham; "The Angel of Christmas," by Stella G. S. Perry; "Legends and Romances of Brittany," by Lewis Spence; "Non-Technical Chats on Iron and Steel," by L. W. Spring; "Life of William Penn," by John W. Graham; "Allies in Art"; "The Grey Feet of the Wind,"

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by Cathal O'Byrne; "Knock Three Times!" by Marian St. J. A. Webb; "Mother Goose Movies," by Alice Beard; "Boys' Book of Submarines," by A. Frederick Collins; "The Marvel Book of American Ships," by Frank E. Evans and Orton P. Jackson; "Round Fairyland with Alice and the White Rabbit," by Brenda Girwin; "My Fairyland," by Fiona Malcolm; "The Self-Willed Prince," by F. E. Paget; "Old Peter's Russian Tales," by Arthur Ransome; "Stories from Chinese History," by A. S. Roe.

BONI & LIVERIGHT announce the following volumes for publication next month: "My Uncle Benjamin," by Claude Tillier; "The Path of the Rainbow," edited by George Cronyn; "Dreams and Images," selected by Joyce Kilmer; "The Great Modern French Stories," compiled by Willard Huntington Wright.

"Topography and Strategy in the War," by D. W. Johnson, is announced for publication in October by Henry Holt & Company.

Harper & Brothers announce for publication this month the following volumes: "Herself, Himself, and Myself," by Ruth Sawyer, "The Story of a Country Town," by E. W. Howe.

The volumes announced for publication this month by Robert M. McBride & Company are the following: "My Adventures as a German Secret Agent," by Capt. Horst von der Goltz; "Sixteen Months in Four German Prisons," by H. C. Mahoney; "The Cream of the Jest," by James Branch Cabell; "The Fisherman," by Dimitry Gregorovitsh; "The New Gethsemane," by Edward Lyell Fox; and "The Terror," by Arthur Machen.

BOOKLOVERS and believers in popular education are always ready to give godspeed to a new venture in the reprinting of standard books; and that the interest of the reading masses in any well-selected, well-printed, and inexpensive series is easily aroused has been attested by some well-known publishers' successes. The latest undertaking is Boni & Liveright's Modern Library, which braves war costs with very neat pocket volumes in "art leather" at sixty cents each. Something better might be wished in the paper, but the conflict has accustomed us to a coarse texture and yellow hue in books of much higher price. The initial score of volumes rather slights the Victorians and all their predecessors in favor of the highly condimented meat that younger stomachs are supposed to affect. Three plays by Ibsen; Strindberg's "Married"; Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; "The Red Lily," by Anatole France; six short plays by Maeterlinck in his earlier vein; Schopenhauer's "Studies in Pessimism," representing about half the contents of the volume in the Home Library; George Moore's unrevised "Confessions of a Young Man"; Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," and Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray" make up a shelf of which no one who pretends to advanced ideas need be ashamed. It is pleasant to add that the balance is partly redressed by Hardy's "The Mayor of Casterbridge," Kipling's "Soldiers Three," Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Dostoievsky's "Poor People." These titles do not quite exhaust the list, and many more are promised. The translations are nearly all old, and one or two, as that of Dostoievsky, are palpably poor; while one misses the scholarly atmosphere to which the excellent editing of Bohn's Library, Everyman's Library, and the World's Classics have accustomed us. But the text is the thing, and it is a commendable achievement to offer books in so attractive a form at so low a price.

"THE English-Speaking Peoples: Their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations," by George Louis Beer (Macmillan; $1.50 net), is a thoughtful examination of the possibilities of an alliance of English-speaking peoples, and more particularly of Great Britain and the United States, not merely for their own advantage, but for the peace and happiness of the world. Not only, he points out, has the present war brought the two peoples closer together, but their history for a hundred years, though clouded by many controversies, has tended on the whole to develop common interests rather than grounds of difference. The primary obstacle to any union involving world organization, however, is, in his opinion, the prevailing legal doctrine of the sovereignty of the state. The notion of the state as exercising absolute and unlimited authority, either within its own territorial limits or in its relations with other states, is not, as he sees it, in accord with the facts, which show, rather, in the modern world, an increasing tendency to cultural and economic interdependence and international alliances. The theory, accordingly, must be got rid of before a world state, capable of insuring justice and right, can be even clearly imagined.

FOR the historical American policy of isolation and neutrality, in the face of a growing internationalism, Professor Beer has naturally little praise, especially in view of the great social unlikeness between the United States and the South American peoples, whose protection against European interference we have professed to assume; and he has some deservedly severe strictures on the ineptitude of American foreign policy in such matters as the open-door policy in China. On the other hand, he is properly doubtful about the practicability of any of the proposed schemes for a League of Nations or a League to Enforce Peace, so long as divisive theories of sovereignty and nationality prevail. Nevertheless, he regards some such league as necessary if the political chasm between the Allies and the Central Powers is to be closed. The responsibility for world discord will be upon Germany, which has become thoroughly impregnated with the combined ideas of Teutonic racial superiority, aggressive ambition for world supremacy, and the absence of moral considerations in international dealings.

> Unless Germany purge herself of her materialistic and non-moral creed, either as a result of a democratic upheaval or as a consequence of economic and military collapse, the fundamental factor in interstate relations for the next generation or so cannot but be this abyss between the Allies and the Central Powers. It has been created by moral and political forces of great potency. Its depths cannot be lessened merely by the earnest desire of those who regret its existence (p. 158).

The volume is easily one of the most weighty pieces of writing about the war that has yet appeared in this country, and should be widely read.

WILLIS F. JOHNSON'S "America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom" (Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.; $1.50) can hardly be regarded as a contribution of much permanent value to the literature of the war, but for those who like to have a popular *vade mecum* of narrative, argument, and statistics, opening with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and closing with the "Star-

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Spangled Banner," the volume should prove serviceable. Herein one may read, in a style at once lively and patriotic, brief summaries of how the war began, how the nations which have taken part in it, including the United States, came to be involved, and the early course of events on land and sea, together with useful statistics of population, wealth, debt, and comparative military and naval resources. Chapter XXIV, on How Modern Wars Are Waged, will be especially informing to laymen, and that on universal military service may at least serve for propaganda. The hundred and more maps and illustrations are, as a rule, well executed.

THANKS to its clear print and thin Japan paper, "Fundamentals of Naval Service," despite its 564 pages, is a handy volume. As a piece of book work it reflects credit on its publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Co. ($2). In it Commander Yates Stirling, one of the navy's most promising officers (especially identified with our submarines), endeavors to furnish the inquiring civilian and the would-be naval-reserve officer with information regarding ships, weapons, methods, and traditions. Avowedly he confines himself to general views, but he gives a full bibliography in every case for such as wish to consult accepted authorities upon any subject. The essence of naval policy, strategy and tactics; the evolution of types, from aeroplanes and submarines to battleships; naval construction; gun building; gun practice in peace and war, etc., etc., are touched upon in an illuminating manner. Commander Stirling's facts are beyond question, and may be accepted; his opinions are his own. In professional matters they are sound, but we cannot always agree with him in those not professional, as, *e. g.*, his advocacy of ship subsidies. His book is exceedingly interesting and should prove of great value to those who have to deal with or take part in the stirring naval events of the day.

A "STORY of eight months of travel by canoe, motor-boat, and dog-team on the northern rivers and along the New Quebec coast of Hudson Bay" in the year 1912 is "In Canada's Wonderful Northland," by W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins (Putnam; $2.50 net). Mr. Curran had made a previous expedition to the east coast of Hudson Bay in 1907, which he described in his book "Glimpses of Northern Canada, a Land of Hidden Treasure," issued by the Canadian Government. Hitherto the economic development of Canada has been from east to west. It is now beginning to swing round to the north, whose vast unexplored areas offer almost limitless possibilities in natural resources. The result of this expedition into the far northern parts of Quebec has been more than to confirm previous impressions as to its capabilities. Messrs. Curran and Calkins found deposits of iron ore aggregating millions of tons on the islands in Hudson Bay, and in various places on the mainland they discovered copper, galena, silver, gold, and asbestos. The fisheries of the Bay are reported to be of very great value, the salmon superior to that of British Columbia. The rivers flowing into James Bay are lined with enormous quantities of pulp-wood. Much of the land is capable of cultivation, and the shortness of the summer season is offset by the length of the summer day. When the railway now under construction from the Western wheat country to Port Nelson, and the projected roads from Ottawa and Montreal to James Bay are completed, this great region around Hudson Bay will no doubt come into its own. Incidentally, the authors give a very entertaining account of their journey down the turbulent Missinaibi to Moose Factory on James Bay, around the Bay to Rupert House, thence up the east coast to Eastmain River, Fort George, and Great Whale River. The return journey was made with dog-sled and snowshoes. The book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs and maps.

AMONG recent indictments of current civilization there is none sharper than that framed by Rev. Wm. A. R. Goodwin, rector of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, in "The Church Enchained" (Dutton; $1.25 net). Since the ethical life of man began, moralists have deplored the corruption of society, and Dr. Goodwin here repeats these laments and charges. The accusation is natural and not unfounded—the majority of men are and always have been devoted to low ambitions; but there has always been a minority of clearer vision and of a lofty moral sense, and our age, if it is not better, is certainly not worse than its predecessors. Dr. Goodwin's special point is that it is the Church that is responsible for the present unhappy condition of things. By "the Church" he means the body of those who accept the Apostles' Creed—of other moral forces of society he makes no mention. The Church, he says, has been and is unfaithful to the high mission with which it has been divinely entrusted; its sense of spiritual truth and life has been dimmed by an unchristian insistence on orders and ceremonies, and by the divisions which have come into its organization. The remedy, in his opinion, is coöperation, a unity of sympathy in which, while every separate ecclesiastical body holds fast to what it regards as revealed truth, all may join hands in laboring together, particularly in educational and hospital work, on the basis of their common faith. The thought of the volume is clear and is vigorously set forth; his definition and illustration of the term "catholic," for example, are admirable. The union, here advocated, of orthodox churches is highly desirable in the interests of ethical progress; and, though many readers may think that the bounds of moral coöperation might be profitably enlarged, Dr. Goodwin's volume is likely to affect not only his Episcopal brethren, but all orthodox bodies and perhaps those that now stand outside the pale of orthodoxy.

THE Bross Lectures delivered in 1915 by the Rev. John Neville Figgis are now published by Scribners as "The Will to Freedom, or The Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ" ($1.25). The title gives a sufficient intimation of Dr. Figgis's purpose, but one could wish that he had followed this purpose a little more tenaciously. As a matter of fact, the best part of the book is the exposition of Nietzsche's philosophy before the author enters upon his critical comparison. Dr. Figgis's style is that so commonly affected by preachers of the day, a succession of brief sentences projected like bird-shot from a gun, but with this disconnected medium he has succeeded in giving a logically connected and easily comprehended account of Nietzsche's main doctrine. He is too clear-minded not to see the erratic inconsistencies into which the German epigrammatist was continually falling, but he sees too the steady undertow and the gulf to which it is making. The good of Nietzscheism—and Dr. Figgis acknowledges much good in it—he finds also in Christianity; the evil is its own. Liberty comes not from rejecting all ideals together, but in service to the true ideal.

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Perhaps the most striking paragraph in the book is this in which Dr. Figgis tries to account for Nietzsche's popularity:

> It is this power to write with blood of which he boasts. Nietzsche, in his own view, lived more deeply than other people, and therefore, having mastered the art of expression, he was able to write with such compelling force. The certainty, the prophetic conviction with which he writes, have in them something as of a vision, a thing seen. More and more this note of dogmatism has become effective in our day. It is notable alike in philosophy, in literature, in politics. The note of absoluteness may do no more than express a strong personal idiosyncrasy. In this age, however, unlike some others, this is an advantage; the tentative scientific understatement is apt to repel. We can see this in our political and artistic controversies; in most of our popular essays and in nearly all modern criticism. It may be a consequence of the weakness of an age which wants to be secured against its own timidity. But it is a fact.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH has written a commonplace study of the cataloguing type of John Galsworthy (Holt; 60 cents net), placing emphasis upon his dramas rather than his novels, but taking up one production after another in each field with impartial disregard of the demand of the ordinary reader for a measure of synthesis. A careful straining is required to give us a modest number of general critical dicta. Each is a generality reasonable to a certain extent, but demanding that the limits of its reasonable application to Galsworthy and literature be carefully indicated —something that this study is hardly profound or painstaking enough to do. We are told, with undeniable correctness up to a certain point, that Galsworthy is better qualified for writing plays than novels, in that he has a special gift for the situation, but is almost incapable of developing it; in that craft counts for most in a play, and human interest for most in the novel, and Galsworthy's forte is craft; and in that the drama is a more legitimate vehicle of propaganda than is the novel. But when we find ourselves asking whether any very good play does not demand as much development of situation as goes into many very good novels; whether there is not a good deal of development of plot and character in "Fraternity" and especially in that satirical study of several generations, "The Man of Property"; whether this dictum about craft equipping the playwright and human interest the novelist would not look queer applied to the extraordinary craftsman Stevenson, who could not write plays, and so on, we find that Sheila Kaye-Smith is not there to answer, but has slipped to another topic. The author attributes Galsworthy's static quality to an innate want of the imagination that carries narrative on with a rush, and does not reflect that much of it may be attributable to his deliberate wish to anatomize satirically, to probe rather than to move forward. We think the author guilty also of something like question-begging in saying that "Galsworthy is an artist before he is a social reformer . . . he is not so much a thinker spreading his propaganda by artistic methods as an artist whose excellence is grounded in ideas." Naturally; but is not this last clause a virtual assertion that Galsworthy's art and social ideas are inextricable, and is it any reason for giving us a chapter on his art and denying us one on his ideas?

AN excellent book upon the first quarter-century of Yale, published in admirable form by the Yale University Press, Edwin Oviatt's "The Beginnings of Yale" ($3.50 net) embraces three main stages: that during which New Haven was founded as a separatist church-state, and in which under John Davenport efforts were made to establish a college; that during which the Collegiate School was founded by the Connecticut ministers and carried on at the modern Clinton and old Saybrook; and that during which Yale College was established at New Haven and took firm root there. Supposedly covering the years 1701-1726, by virtue of the generous fashion in which this first stage is treated the book really gives us, as well, a fairly satisfying account of both church and state in Connecticut for a half-century or more preceding 1700. In preparing his history, the author has made extended researches, and he affords us a true view of many matters misrepresented in the "Annals" which President Clap published in 1766 or in President Quincy's "History of Harvard." Contemporaneous accounts of the founding are meagre, and the question is still an open one when and where it actually occurred, and what were the relations of certain of the colony's leaders to the event. But Mr. Oviatt shows that the project of the New Haven college was of long standing, that John Davenport had written letters concerning it as early as 1656, that the project came to the forefront of public discussion between 1697 and 1700, and that it is probable that the "founding" took place at a meeting of ministers at Branford, October 2 or 3, 1701. The subsequent conduct of the Collegiate School and College is treated in detail. However, the greatest merit of Mr. Oviatt's book is not his careful research, but the chatty readability with which its results have been blended into entertaining narrative. Much of the entire texture of colonial life and

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ways of thought, thanks to his broadly human view and capacity for visualization, passes under our eyes.

SOME of the unpromising raw materials in which Mr. Oviatt worked are exhibited in a Documentary History of Yale University (Yale University Press; $4 net), edited by Franklin B. Dexter—a heavy volume of nearly 400 pages embracing the years 1701-1745. The extant records of the trustees are given in full, with letters of John Winthrop, Gurdon Saltonstall, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Johnson, and others, and proceedings of the Governor and Council at various times. Certain of the letters contain material of some general interest, but most are of value only in their bearing upon college affairs.

The Two Games

THERE are those who, condemned to flat inland courses, cherish the delusion that they are playing golf. Vainly they strive to redress the balance of nature by construction of artificial hazards—green chocolate drops of earth, and similar vanities—whereas the real game is an up-and-down affair, and is only to be found beside the sea in the constant companionship of blue water.

But there is a course—it has a name which I withhold. Let it be known as the Roof of the World; for it has been laid off on high, ridgy ground, whence the inattentive golfer may, if he chooses, take his eye off the ball for a moment and look down upon the rest of the immediate creation. While its scenic quality commends it to the lover of the picturesque, its chief merit in the golfer's eye is the number of "blind holes," which are, by interpretation, greens invisible from their respective tees. The first is typical. You step off the clubhouse veranda to the tee, and drive across the road, over a stone wall to a double fold in the ground. The first green, your objective, lies out of sight beyond, under a spreading elm. One side of the fair green is lined by a noble company of tall forest trees. To reach the second tee, you must climb a steep and narrow pathway up the hill to the left. One emerges above the tree tops; and here is the first opportunity to judge of the fitness of the name. Far below is outspread the panorama of a famous harbor. A huge island blocks its mouth, and a smaller one lies in the middle of it; both are strongly fortified. On the farther shore the city nestles among its trees about the green formal flanks of the great glacis crowned with its old-time citadel. Safe inside the submarine nets lie half a dozen gray cruisers at anchor. They fly the white ensign with the red cross, which was the crusading flag of Richard the Lion-Hearted. These woods have seen the armadas of four great wars come and go in that harbor since the Sphinx, sloop-of-war, and her thirteen transports arrived in the summer of 1749 to build the city.

From another tee may be seen a chain of cup-like fresh-water lakes on the right hand, and from a third the inner harbor or "Basin." The steel-gray water is flecked with the silhouettes of many little neutral traders lying there at anchor, until the searchers can go through their cargoes for contraband. Their sides are painted loudly in their national colors. Sweden's blue and yellow, Holland's bands of red, white, and blue, Denmark's white Latin cross on a red field, are worn fore and aft as charms against the under-sea boats' torpedoes and shells. Among the steamers are a few full-rigged ships, new tern schooners, and dwarfish old-fashioned barques. Huge liners, white hospital ships, and others, marked "Belgian Relief" in huge red letters, are also to be seen. The assemblage of craft, sometimes as many as eighty in number, is an object-lesson in sea power.

Outwardly it is a scene of peace that the philosophical golfer looks down upon from his various coigns of vantage, over the serrated boskage of the spruces. He must wrench his attention away from the game to remember that all he sees from his pinnacle is signs of a world-wide life-and-death struggle. There are the actual fighting ships that have battled or may battle with the foe. Any seaport is half-way to every other place in the world, and the sea is the street for all the King's ships. Hither they come for rest and refreshment from every quarter of the globe. Their comings and goings are not proclaimed from the housetops, their names are hardly spoken. They have their exits and their entrances. The Dock Yard and N. I. D. know why, but they do not tell.

Great discretion reigns over all, but it is revealing no secret to tell that here lay for a few days a battle-cruiser that took her own part at the battle of Horn's Reef, "fought over the curve of the world." "In the stream" was an obsolete craft, "picked off the scrap-heap," as the saying is, which put down a big German off the coast of Africa in the early days of the war and earned the emphatic navy praise, "Well done!" Alongside the dock lay for a week the little war wasp from Australia that stung the Emden to death in the Indian Ocean. One ship has spent two busy years in the North Sea—the tale is written in the captain's worn face—and holds the navy record of twenty-seven torpedoes shot at her in vain. Another, sorely in need of painting, dug her way through the mines and batteries that blocked the mouth of the Cameroon. The Big Trooper that can carry five battalions of infantry fills up half the harbor. Each ship has her own saga, which may not be told until the war is over.

There lie the ships; here is the golf course; and whatever may be thought of civilians playing in war time, the severest patriot cannot begrudge the naval officer his brief shore leave and his cheery round of a sunny afternoon. Naval discipline is very exacting. Dr. Johnson expressed the view that no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned, and the epigram has lost little of its point. Even the lighter, wiser order and rule of ship life at the present day is onerous. A few hours' relief is welcome and salutary. The golf game helps the war game.

This pleasant-faced boy driving off from No. 3 has still a Mauser bullet in his shoulder, which he acquired in a mangrove swamp in West Africa; but it does not seem to interfere with his swing. "Guns" playing through the green has a notable spy clapped under hatches, for whom he is responsible until handed over to justice across the sea. The little, sickly looking man in the "twosome," with the wings on his cuff above the "executive curl," is one of the three or four foremost aviators in the world. He has flown over every country in Europe; and he is just recovering from an operation by which a piece of airplane was extracted from his side. My partner is a handsome sixth-form boy, who joined Kitchener's mob, when the war broke out, and was transferred to the Marines. He had the fortune to be in the turret of a battle-cruiser at Jutland and to come out un-

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scathed. But the sight of the links is the Admiral taking the field with the pomp, pride, and circumstance of naval ceremony. He prefers foursomes, so when he, his partner, and their opponents invade the course, attended by their respective bluejackets or petty officers as caddies, the spectacle is imposing.

I wonder what Admiral von Tirpitz (retired) would think of it.

Reviews of Plays

"LUCKY O'SHEA"

EVEN theatregoers not many winters beyond the draft age find themselves feeling old and crabbed at a play like "Lucky O'Shea," in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. Here is a really romantic little love-play which, less than twenty years ago, before Ibsen had conquered our stage and Shaw had disintegrated it, would have seemed interesting, normal, and pathetic. Now the voice of another time speaks in its honeyed lines, the ideal of a former generation. Merely to make love through three or four acts of dramatic situation, no matter how charmingly, is no longer all that is expected of a hero and heroine. Love in contemporary plays comes as a by-product to *tendenz*. It must be there, but should be smuggled in behind a social, political, or business motive. The stars must juggle race problems, the lovers' emotions must be interpreted in the light of world morality, before the engagement ring is ordered. Whether the old or the new way is better matters not now at all. The old has been conquered and the new struts triumphantly over the stage. Therefore Theodore Burt Sayre's engaging Irish trifle will not find so much of an audience as otherwise it might. The performers have done their share towards a success. Allen Doone acts the hero's part of a Dublin Charles Surface with considerable gusto; Mary Kennedy takes the rôle of a young actress charmingly. Unfortunately, the very maladroit and unnecessary prologue spoils what might not otherwise be a poor evening's entertainment. A.

"THE RAMBLER ROSE"

"THE Rambler Rose" just falls short of that imponderable quality which distinguishes success from mediocrity. It is a very prettily set piece; the music is tuneful, and Miss Sanderson, in the part of a demure but runaway little schoolgirl, is as charming as ever. Joseph Cawthorn, as the comic suitor, garnered numerous laughs in addition to those flung him while singing Irving Berlin's interpolated song of "The Poor Little Rich Dog." The too saccharine flavor of the play throughout, however, became a bit wearisome finally, and the audience longed for a shock, a thrill, or a loud laugh, and in the end was disappointed. Only Miss Ada Meade, who took the part of the "other woman," now and then managed to rouse a more than languid interest. The difficulty with Mr. Harry B. Smith's libretto and Mr. Victor Jacobi's music is that, while both have been written in the dainty vein of Gilbert and Sullivan and the English light-opera school, neither reproduces the tang of sharp satire and wit that goes with that sort of musical comedy, and keep it from becoming insipid. A.

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Finance

During a Russian Crisis

WHILE Gen. Kornilov, having proclaimed his purpose of disputing Kerensky's control of the Russian Government, was marching on Moscow with his army, early in last week, the actual wishes and sympathies of our own financial public were divided. In Wall Street conversation, two opposite attitudes were taken—one of sympathy with Kerensky, as at least representing the only Government which has yet been able to keep control in the face of forces making for anarchy or for surrender to Germany; the other of belief that, since Kerensky also had apparently failed (if the results of the Moscow conference were taken as evidence), only the interposition of armed force could restore Russia to orderly political and military discipline.

Nobody regarded Kornilov as a General Monk; restoration of the old régime had not been suggested, even by his opponents. Whether he was to prove a Cromwell in his dealings with an inefficient political body, or a Napoleon in establishing autocratic military rule, or only the leader of a fruitless revolt, was admittedly a matter of guesswork. The failure of the revolt, announced in the latter part of the week, seemed to settle that aspect of the question.

If the financial markets relating to Russian affairs had also been divided in judgment while the outcome of the Kornilov movement was uncertain, they might not have moved at all. If they had been dominated by belief that the revolting general would succeed, would win the support of Russia, and would reëstablish orderly government, the logical response would have been a sharp rise in Russian exchange rates, in favor of Petrograd, and recovery in Russian bonds. Instead of this, the ruble fell at New York from 16½ cents at the end of the previous week to 11¼ on Wednesday, that being the period of Kornilov's advance. The low price compared with 20⅞ cents a month before, and represented depreciation of 77½ per cent. from parity.

As for the bonds, our market, in August of last year, unluckily bought some Russian internal 5½ per cents, paying around 325 for each 1,000-ruble bond. They had already fallen to 170 when last week began, but they went to 144 on Tuesday and 133 on Wednesday. These bonds were payable only in Russian currency, and therefore broke along with the exchange rate. But the Russian gold notes, subscribed in this market last year, were similarly affected. The 6½ per cents, which sold on the Wall Street curb at

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102¼ last September and at 79 a week before, touched 74 on Wednesday. The 5½ per cents, which were dealt in earlier this year at 94⅝, dropped from 69 two weeks ago to 64 last Wednesday.

Coming as they did while the military revolt seemed to be powerful in itself and to have the backing of some very strong Russian public men, these declines reflected pretty positive opinion by the market as to whether Kornilov's success would be a good thing or a bad thing. The probability is, that the adverse movement during the Russian insurgent's advance meant belief that unless he were quickly defeated, civil war of a very serious sort would follow. The market's response to the later news that Kornilov's army was disintegrating, and that his demonstration was a total failure, quite bore out this theory. Between Wednesday and the close of the week, Petrograd exchange recovered from 11¼ cents to 17; the internal bonds from 133 to 164 bid, the external 6½s from 74 to 80, and the 5½s from 65 to 70.

Yet even these are very low figures, and they were not entirely maintained afterward. Even at 17 cents, the ruble would still be depreciated 66¾ per cent. At 80, the 6½ per cent. notes, redeemable at New York in gold at par in 1919, would actually yield nearly 25 per cent. to the investor if Russia duly paid them off at maturity. The financial market's opinion, therefore, evidently was that the Russian situation is still gravely uncertain.

In a situation so absolutely obscure as that of Russia still remains, the attitude of outside markets is bound at least to be reserved. The feeling of the most far-seeing financial watchers has undoubtedly been that civil war in Russia would be a very grave turn in the situation—for the Allies as well as for Russia. But underlying that conviction was the doubt as to whether anything but military force could avert the drift of Russian governmental affairs into outright chaos. The influences which are pushing Russia towards the precipice are less political than social; the various "groups" of whose threats we hear in the dispatches are the I. W. W. in the saddle. Their creed, avowed and thus far very largely applied in revolutionary Russia, is the control and administration, by self-constituted committees of individual laborers, of both industry and government. It did not need very long experience, on the financial markets or elsewhere, to teach that no government could continue to exist under such auspices.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Barbusse, H. Under Fire. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Boreham, F. W. The Other Side of the Hill and Home Again. Abingdon Press. $1.25 net.
Burke, E. My Wife. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Cahan, A. The Rise of David Levinsky. Harper. $1.60 net.
Chekhov, A. The Party and Other Stories. Transl. by C. Garnett. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Daviess, M. T. The Heart's Kingdom. Reilly & Britton. $1.35 net.
James, H. Roderick Hudson. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Miller, A. D. Ladies Must Live. Century. $1.25 net.
Pollock, F. L. Wilderness Honey. Century. $1.25 net.
Richardson, H. H. The Fortunes of Richard Mahony. Holt. $1.50 net.
Rinehart, M. R. Long Live the King. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Wells, H. G. The Soul of a Bishop. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dresser, H. W. The Victorious Faith. Harpers. $1 net.
Fernau, H. The Coming Democracy. Dutton. $2 net.
Fletcher-Vane, F. The Principles of Military Art. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Hall, H. Dormie One. Century. $1.35 net.
Kelley, W. V. With the Children in Lewis Carroll's Company. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.
Notes on Training Field Artillery Details. Prepared by R. M. Danford and O. Moretti. Yale University Press. $2 net.
Sidall, J. M. Sid Says. Century. 60 cents net.
The Yale Shakespeare Series: Much Ado About Nothing. Edited by T. Brooke. Yale University Press.
Verhoeff, M. The Kentucky River Navigation. Filson Club Publications.
Wägner, W. Asgard and the Gods. Dutton. $2 net.
Wägner, W. Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages. Dutton. $2 net.
Ysaye, L. The Inn of Disenchantment. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Bowen, C. R. The Gospel of Jesus. Boston, Mass.: The Beacon Press.
Durant, W. Philosophy and the Social Problem. Macmillan. $1.50.
Goudge, H. L., and Others. The Place of Women in the Church. Young Churchmen Co. $1.15 net.
Reider, J. Prolegomena to a Greek-Hebrew and Hebrew-Greek Index to Aquila. Philadelphia: Dropsie College.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Ewart, J. S. Waiver Distributed. Foreword by R. Pound. Harvard University Press.
Hotblack, K. Chatham's Colonial Policy. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Millspaugh, A. C. Party Organization and Machinery in Michigan Since 1890. Johns Hopkins Press.
Negro Education. Prepared in coöperation with the Phelps-Stokes Fund. 2 vols. Government Printing Office.
Russell, B. Political Ideals. Century. $1 net.
Wolfe, O. H. Practical Banking. La Salle Extension University.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Boulting, W. Giordano Bruno. Dutton. $3.75 net.
Coleman, F. With Cavalry in the Great War. Jacobs. $1.50 net.
Hammer, S. C. William the Second. Judged on Evidence of his Speeches and on Writings of German Contemporaries. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Wenley, R. M. The Life and Work of George Sylvester Morris. Macmillan.

POETRY

Letts, W. M. The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Rookie Rhymes. Harper. 75 cents net.

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Summary of the News

THE menace of civil war in Russia has disappeared almost as swiftly as it arose, but it is still too early to say whether the effect of Gen. Kornilov's demonstration against the Provisional Government will be to accentuate the bitterness of parties or will force the reconciliation which Russia so badly needs. Of the troops set into motion by Kornilov against Petrograd the vanguard had reached Tsarskoe Selo, a short distance from the capital, on September 12. There they were met by emissaries from the Provisional Government who succeeded in winning them over. It was explained from official sources that Kornilov's troops consisted largely of Mohammedans and Caucasian tribesmen who were ignorant of the real purpose of the march upon Petrograd. The collapse of the undertaking came with the rallying of Gen. Alexeiev, former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, to the support of Premier Kerensky, who assumed the place of provisional commander-in-chief with Alexeiev as his chief of staff. With the formal pledge of support by the Constitutional Democrats the victory of the Provisional Government was assured. On September 13 Gen. Krymov, actual commander of Kornilov's forces, committed suicide in Petrograd after an interview with Kerensky. The next day the arrest of Kornilov was reported. The swiftness with which the revolutionary organizations in the provinces rallied to the support of the Government was evidence of the thoroughness with which the work of the revolution has been organized.

AT Petrograd opinion was divided as to the punishment suited to Kornilov and as to the future policy of the Government. The radical Socialists in control of the Petrograd Council of Workers and Soldiers declared on Friday for the establishment of a Socialist régime, to the exclusion of the bourgeois classes, and embodying all the extreme tenets of Socialist economics. As a counter move Premier Kerensky issued on Sunday a proclamation declaring Russia a republic as an ideal upon which all progressive elements in Russia, Socialist and non-Socialist, might agree. At the time of writing the inner history of Kornilov's move is still obscure. On behalf of Kornilov it has been said he had no desire to overthrow the Provisional Government and that a grave misunderstanding had arisen owing to the ineptitude of the intermediaries between himself and Kerensky.

AS a result of the disclosure of the activities of the German Minister at Buenos Aires via the Swedish diplomatic channels, the Argentine Government on September 12 handed the conventional passports to Count Luxburg, author of the sinking-without-a-trace telegrams. Swedish public opinion has been more than resentful under the humiliation forced upon the nation by German methods. Hjalmar Branting, Socialist leader, protested against the ignoble rôle of postboy to the German Government played by the Swedish diplomatic service. Official British inquiries for an explanation of the Luxburg incident have not yet been answered by the Swedish Government. On Sunday the Argentine Foreign Minister let it be known that his Government did not regard the incident as closed. Public indignation in Buenos Aires manifested itself in serious riots involving the destruction of German property. On Thursday Secretary Lansing offered a new contribution to the problem in the form of a letter from von Eckhardt, German Minister in Mexico City, to Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg under date of March 8, 1916. In this letter the Chancellor is requested to use his influence to obtain the reward of a German decoration for Folke Cronholm, Swedish chargé d'affaires in Mexico City, whom von Eckhardt describes as one who "has not disguised his sympathy for Germany—and the only diplomat through whom information from a hostile camp can be obtained." From Mexico City von Eckhardt replied to Secretary Lansing in the form of a sweeping denial of any relations whatsoever with Cronholm. It was announced at Stockholm that Cronholm had left the diplomatic service last January.

THE French Cabinet crisis ended on September 14 with the constitution of a Ministry by Paul Painlevé, War Minister in the retiring Cabinet. To the head of the former Ministry, Ribot, was assigned the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Because of hostility to M. Ribot the Socialists refused to take a share in the new Government, thus marking a break in the tradition created by Waldeck-Rousseau when he organized his Ministry of National Defence at the height of the Dreyfus crisis. The secession of the Socialists involved the departure from the Ministry of Munitions of Albert Thomas, whose extraordinary services in that department are generally recognized.

THE failure of the Teutonic experiment in Poland was signalized by the appointment of a board of three regents who, with the aid of a Cabinet by them to be appointed, are to prepare the way for the selection of a State Council, which is to be the forerunner of an elective Parliament. It is explained in the royal decrees announcing such changes that the devolution of power to the Polish people must be conditioned by the necessities of war. Teutonic hopes based on the Polish National Council appointed shortly after the occupation of Warsaw have plainly not been realized.

AFTER a bitter contest of several weeks' duration the Italians succeeded in making themselves masters of Mount San Gabriele, to the north of Gorizia, on September 14.

VISCOUNT READING, formerly Sir Rufus Isaacs, and now Lord Chief Justice, arrived in this country last Wednesday on a financial mission.

SPECULATION as to the nature of Germany's reply to the Pope's peace proposals was an important item in dispatches received the first of the week from Holland and Denmark, and the inference was that the Government and the Reichstag majority were in agreement.

THREE important steps in the mobilization of the nation's economic resources were taken during the week. Following a preliminary announcement by Chairman Hoover, of the Food Conservation Board, on September 11, a Presidential proclamation of last Saturday applied the licensing system to the manufacture, refining, and importation of sugar as of October 1. On September 12 it was announced that a

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similar policy would be applied to the packing industry as soon as the details were worked out. On September 14 the Exports Administrative Board announced a more rigorous licensing system for the export of wheat, flour, butter, and sugar to Canada and Newfoundland. It was also intimated that the Fuel Administrator stood ready to impound coal at the mines if the requirements of the manufacturing industry imposed such a step.

THE Senate, on September 12, adopted without roll-call the Chamberlain resolution for the drafting of friendly aliens for war service. The President was also authorized to apply the draft to enemy aliens, that is, subjects of Germany, to be employed in the non-combatant branches of the army and navy. It was estimated that the first provision would add 1,275,000 men to the existing draft lists.

THE development of the nation's military power under the stress of war was summed up, for the navy, by Secretary Daniels in his address to the graduating class at Annapolis on Friday. He said there are to-day three times as many warships in commission as there were six months ago. The same day Chairman Dent, of the House Military Committee, stated through the Committee of Public Information that the army on September 6 had 819,881 officers and men, and the navy 254,265 officers and men, or a total of 1,074,146 officers and men, comprising our volunteer forces as distinguished from the Federalized National Guard and the new draft armies.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' Insurance bill was passed by the House on September 13 by a solid vote. The maximum of insurance was fixed at $10,000. The scale of compensations to survivors ranges from $35 to $74 a month. In cases of total disability allowances range from $40 to $100 per month.

THE Susan B. Anthony amendment to the United States Constitution, providing for the nation-wide enfranchisement of women, was favorably reported to the Senate on Thursday and placed on the regular calendar for the session beginning next December.

LABOR strikes on the Pacific Coast are assuming serious proportions. On Saturday 2,000 shipyard workers in Washington and Oregon laid down their tools. The same day a strike order was issued at San Francisco affecting 24,000 metal workers, of whom a large number are engaged on the new shipbuilding programme.

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